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Together

What of Religion in Russia?

▶ CHRIST'S LAST DAYS ON EARTH

To Survive Man Must Serve

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

March 1959



Singing for the Lord

Out of the winter's darkness
Into the marvelous light
Of earth's most radiant morning
Come blossoms dearly bright,
And over all the wonder,
Fulfilling every need,
Come children's voices singing,
"The Lord is risen indeed."

—Jane Merchant

ON EASTER, children's voices everywhere will proclaim the joyous news of the Resurrection. But nowhere will "Hallelujah!" have more significance than in the sun-washed little Methodist church at Devine, Tex.

Methodists, of course, have always been a singing people. John and Charles Wesley wrote and sang hymns. Circuit riders carried hymnals in their saddlebags. And in Methodist churches all over the world today music is an important part of every worship service.

The Devine church was dying (average Sunday-morning attendance, less than 50) until Mrs. Mary Alice Spencer, a professional musician, began organizing choirs for all age groups in 1954. Within four years there were nine choirs with 120 members. Simultaneously, membership doubled, attendance increased almost tenfold. Today the church has a new education building, a remodeled parsonage, an air-conditioned sanctuary.

Mrs. Spencer has since moved with her husband, Dr. Duane Spencer, to his new charge in Kerrville, Tex., but lay leaders carry on in this "church that choirs built."

*Folks called it a modern "miracle in music"
when a dying church in Texas organized nine
choirs, this young people's group among them,
and—while setting an example for small churches
everywhere—became a growing congregation again.*







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*Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.*

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

I HAVE known that TOGETHER is quite popular," writes the Rev. J. Paul Williams, pastor of Emerald Avenue Methodist Church of Knoxville, Tenn. "But I had no idea that it was a temptation to one to steal."

This took us aback for a moment—until we got into the news item he passed along about a sticky-fingered gentleman who grabbed a sack of mail at a Knoxville railroad station and was hastily departing when police became interested in the proceedings.

The sack, according to *The Knoxville News-Sentinel*, "was loaded with TOGETHER magazines" and the culprit was held under \$1,000 bond on a mail-theft charge.

"I would suggest," Mr. Williams wrote, "that you send this poor man a subscription for one year." We did precisely that. But just what the man wanted with all those magazines, we modestly decline to speculate upon. To our way of thinking, one copy—honestly gained—should have met his immediate reading requirements.

In far-off India, however, the Madar Union Sanatorium is finding a welcome use for hundreds of extra copies. It all started in our *Letters* columns last August when Dr. Marian B. Hall asked U.S. readers to donate copies to the institution at Ajmer, Rajasthan, India.

After that, things happened. In a late letter (page 8), the doctor told us that 143 Methodists from all over the U.S.A. have sent a total of 968 magazines! Thirty-one states responded and today, across the seas, "Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Hindus, Moslems, and what have you are being exposed to TOGETHER."

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Christian leader and long-time Methodist whose *Personal Testimony* appears on page 11, was recently named in a Gallup Poll as one of the 10 women Americans admire most. . . . Fred Russell's Methodist All-American Eleven [January, 1959, page 25] turned out to be quite an aggregation. At least three players made nation-wide All-American teams not limited to Methodist-related schools.

Our cover this month shows a group of MYFers in a worship service before the 68-foot, \$25,000 steel cross at Camp Jumonville, Pa. A story and color photos of this historic Methodist camp site appeared last month [*Where Washington First Made History*, pages 74-77]. The cover photograph is by George P. Miller.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Subscriber

I was chatting with the postman who delivers my mail. He remarked that two families on his route who get The Wall Street Journal had recently moved into bigger houses.

This started me thinking. I had heard that The Wall Street Journal helps people get ahead. "Is it really true?" I asked myself. "Can a newspaper help a man earn more money?"

Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and IT DID. Within a year I added \$2,000 to my income.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,500 to \$25,000 a year. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men.

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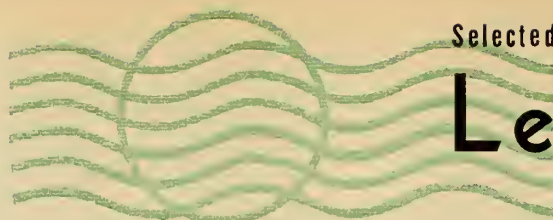
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Selected Bits from Your

Letters

How High Is Higher?

ALLEN RAYMER REESOR, *Pastor
Bakersfield, Calif.*

Re: *Methodism's Stake in the Newest State* [January, 1959, page 35]:

I read, "Until now, the University of Alaska, near Fairbanks, has been the territory's only institution of higher learning." However, I have a feeling that this statement isn't quite right. It seems to me that the Board of National Missions of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. operates the Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Alaska.

I might agree that a junior college would hardly rate as an "institution of higher learning," but I have lived in California long enough to know that such a thing is not to be mentioned!

Intoxicated With Formality?

W. MAX EWING
Orbisonia, Pa.

I have never written any letters to editors, but I have had just about all I can stand without becoming indignant.

Like Mrs. N. B. Small in her letter [December, 1958, page 4], I would like to ask where the good old Methodist Church has gone. What has happened to prayer meetings, to the altar invitation at the end of our services, to the prayer from the heart, which has been replaced by the artificial prayer from the bulletin? What has happened to the conversions, or have the qualifications for admission into heaven been amended by The Methodist Church?

We have become intoxicated with so much formality, of which Christ never heard, that we are missing true Christianity and religion completely.

A Cause That Refreshes

JOHN LEE TERNEUS
Wayne, Okla.

Thank you for Charles F. Kettering's *Keep On Asking Questions* [December, 1958, page 14]. His eager expectations of the future and humility about man's puny discoveries of all God has done for us is a refreshing change. All we hear today is how egocentric man is striving to prove his self-importance by "conquering" space, "exploiting" natural resources, "defeating" disease, and "subjugating" natural forces.

Give us more about those who are eager to investigate all that God has given us dominion over, but without the compulsive mania of contemporary

man to prove his superiority—even if it kills him through overstrained hearts, stimulated sense, or H-bomb blackmail.

We regret that Mr. Kettering could not have read this appreciative letter. The famous inventor died Nov. 25 at 82. —EDS.

Appreciation From a Mormon

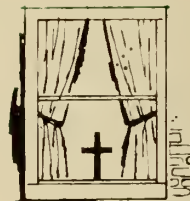
NEWEL E. KIMBALL
Pusan, Korea

I am a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (commonly called Mormons) and have been in Korea 3½ years. In this time I have never read such a penetrating article about Korea's leader as *The Cross Over Korea* [October, 1957, page 11], written by President Syngman Rhee himself. I am sure it was as inspiring and enlightening to all who have an interest in Korea and her problems as it was to me.

One Hour a Sunday Enough?

MRS. A. A. RIDDERING
Merida, Yucatan, Mexico

I am stimulated by the controversial issues you present. In *Why Don't Methodists Have Parochial Schools?*



MRS. R. Y. NICHOLSON
Washington, D.C.

Our sacred Easter season is approaching and our thoughts are turning to the cross. Why can't each Christian family put a cross in its window during Holy Week? Thus we can make the cross a symbol of Easter, as the tree and the star are symbols of Christmas.

If you cannot find the cross you want in church bookshops, make your own. Many church groups already are making a project of cutting out crosses and distributing them to the congregation on Palm Sunday. This year, I hope, many others will join the work.

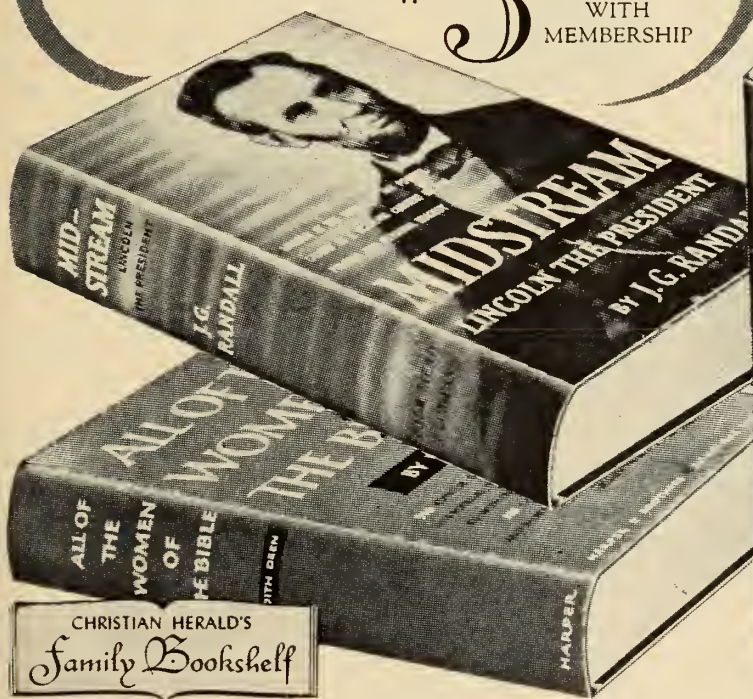
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[November, 1958, page 30], I am struck by the complacency of both contributors.

Yes, the U.S. has a marvelous public-school system, but there is grave danger that American Protestant churches are losing their youth for the future church because of a lack of Christian training and attitudes. Can a church school, one hour each Sunday, effectively combat attitudes of religious indifference or atheism, often displayed by American teachers? How can we be sure our children are not being indoctrinated with indifference and an antichristian attitude?

More Re: Asbury Haberdashery

ELMER T. CLARK
Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Belatedly, I have been studying the painting by Charles Hargens of Bishop Francis Asbury in *That Amazing Man, Asbury* [August, 1958, page 1] and



Asbury: Wrong collar... and right.

would like to point out an error. It shows him wearing what appear to be "bands." Even had he worn bands they would not have been worn with his ordinary light-blue suit.

The only time Asbury ever wore gown and bands was in the home of Col. Joseph Herndon in Wilkes County, North Carolina, Jan. 28, 1785. He was criticized by Jesse Lee for wearing dress so unbecoming to Methodist simplicity. After the rebuke Asbury laid aside the garb and so far as is known never wore it again.

No portrait of Asbury shows him wearing anything other than a stock.

Objection to the hat given to Asbury was not sustained. Not so Dr. Clark's criticism. "Bands," in case you don't know, are front flaps on clerical collars (often called "Geneva Bands"). A "stock" is a mufflerlike neckpiece, as shown in the old print.—EDS.

No 'Other Side,' Morally

EARL F. DODGE, Exec. Secy.
Prohibition National Committee
Winona Lake, Ind.

It is regrettable that space in your publication has been given to advocates of liquor to present their cause [*Drinking on Airlines?* December, 1958, page 26]. By presenting "both sides," you leave the impression that there are two sides, morally speaking, for a Christian

to consider. This is in direct opposition to the historic position of The Methodist Church and will cause confusion in Methodist ranks, much to the glee of the liquor traffic.

Answers to Two Arguments

GEORGE M. ALBRIGHT
Clifton, Ill.

In my opinion, Stuart Tipton puts up some weak arguments in favor of serving alcoholic drinks on domestic airlines [*Drinking on Airlines?*].

In the first place, many establishments which serve food do not serve drinks, and their refusal to do so does not constitute a return to Prohibition.

Secondly, Mr. Tipton does not say that liquor on airlines will not someday cause a catastrophe. He merely says that it has not yet caused one, to the best of his knowledge. There is a world of difference. In any other industry, a safety engineer strives to eliminate all safety hazards before, not after, they cause accidents.

Crews Must Cope With Drunks

MRS. IRVIN C. KLEINSCHMIDT
Corder, Mo.

I pray that Christians everywhere will rally to defeat bills which favor serving liquor on airlines. If only we could abolish it on the ground as well!

As fast as air travel is, surely those who drink can stand being "dry" for the few hours it takes to get to their destinations. It is the crews, not the owners of the airlines, who have to put up with drinking passengers.

Airline Official Votes 'No'

DAVID WOLF
Los Altos, Calif.

Stuart Tipton in *Drinking on Airlines?* seems to imply that repeal of the 18th Amendment obligates public and private agencies to serve liquor. This is absurd.

In spite of what he has written, I feel he would agree with the airline official who told me his line and probably the others would like to halt this administratively complex, expensive, bothersome policy, which goes against the will of most flight personnel. One line serves liquor because the others do. This official said he would welcome legislation against serving alcoholic beverages. And, honestly, wouldn't Mr. Tipton?

1 in 4 No Majority

HOWARD E. BRONSON
Chicago, Ill.

Congratulations on your fairness in *Drinking on Airlines?* Stuart Tipton's defense is built largely around his conclusion that Prohibition was "rejected by a solid majority of citizens

(Advertisement)

a report to thoughtful laymen...

should your minister be in debt?



Two-thirds of the more than 200,000 ministers in this country are in debt.

On an average 1958 income of \$4,432, the minister must carry out not only the responsibilities of husband and father but must also cover inadequate allow-

ances provided by the church for fulfilling and improving his professional function.

In the face of inflated dollar values, comparatively slow-rising salaries of ministers have less buying power now than they did in 1939 at half their present size. As the number of salary-dollars rose, they were swallowed by a corresponding increase in the prices of household and personal necessities. And the remainder is eaten away by new expenses created by modern society, such as a growing number of charities demanding contributions and new appliances becoming standard items in the home.

A 60 to 80-hour week is standard for ministers despite the fact that a set salary decreases in value-per-hour as the hours increase. This compares unfavorably with the working man's status, where after 40 hours

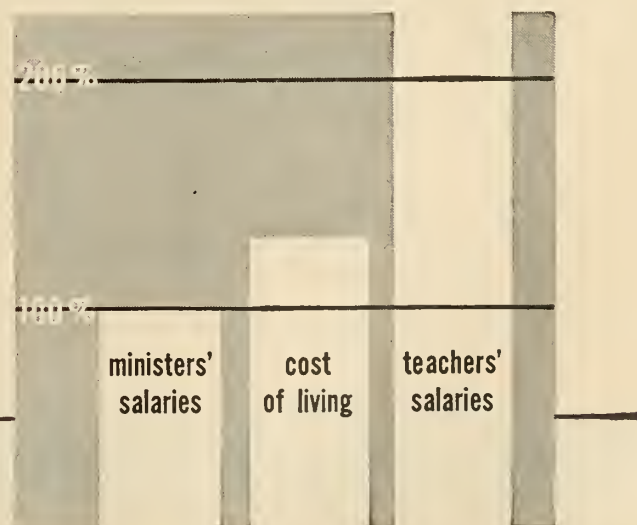
a week his hourly rate increases to time-and-a-half and even double-time. In the same number of hours, in many cases it is possible for the workman to triple his minister's salary.

As a trained professional man and respected community leader, the minister has a reasonable amount of status to maintain, regardless of cost. As the head of his family, he must provide his wife and children with the necessities of life. As a human being, he must struggle to provide himself and his family with the creature comforts resulting from books, recreation, education and savings. It is impossible for a minister to meet all today's financial demands on a salary with 1939 buying power. Two-thirds of the country's ministers have proven this by going into debt.

The problem is serious. It costs just as much for a minister to send his children to college or to run his car as it does for anyone else.

The solution lies in the hands of the church directors and members—in their consideration and decision on how much they can give for all they receive.

Comparison of rise in ministers' salaries, cost of living and teachers' salaries since 1939



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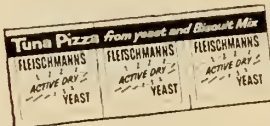
Tuna Pizza

¾ cup warm water
(not hot—105 to 115°)
1 pkg. Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
2½ cups Bisquick
¾ cup chopped onion
2 cups tomato sauce
8-oz. can mushrooms, sliced and sautéed
in Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter
6½-oz. can Star-Kist Tuna,
drained and flaked*
salt and pepper to taste
2½ cups grated Cheddar cheese, oregano
*9-oz. family size can may be used if desired

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add biscuit mix; beat vigorously. Turn dough onto surface well dusted with biscuit mix. Knead until smooth, about 20 times. Divide dough into 4 parts. Roll each part paper-thin into a circle, about

10 inches in diameter. Place on ungreased baking sheets or in shallow pie pans. Press to make edge of circle slightly thick.

To make filling: Mix onion, tomato sauce, mushrooms, tuna, salt, pepper; spread on dough. Sprinkle grated cheese over all. Sprinkle with oregano to desired taste. Heat oven to 425° (hot). Bake 15 to 20 min., until crust is brown and filling hot and bubbly. Serve immediately.



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in 1933." Such an error should be corrected.

Thirty-nine states having 61,770,908 eligible voters held elections on repeal. Only 15,207,639 eligible voters, or 24.7 per cent, voted for repeal. This is a fractional minority, not a solid majority.

Dead Fliers Tell No Tales

H. A. & E. M. SYLVESTER
Hood River, Ore.

Can investigations prove that there was no incident of serving alcoholic beverages that jeopardized flight safety? In accidents which had no survivors, can investigators be sure that there was no possibility of alcohol responsibility?

Big Churches Friendly, Too

ALFRED B. VAUGHT, Pastor
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Concerning the letter, *Country Churches Had It* [December, 1958, page 4], I am reminded of the saying, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." When I go back to my home town and see all the old, familiar landmarks, they are not nearly so big and wonderful as I had once thought them.

I deeply respect the rural way of life as found in our country churches, but it has been my experience that people are just as friendly in our town and city churches. In most large churches in which I have been, I have not only been greeted upon entering, but also upon leaving.

These Statistics Aren't Static!

MARIAN B. HALL, MD
Madar Union Sanatorium
Ajmer, Rajasthan, India

Remember my letter [August, 1958, page 4] suggesting that our patients would welcome back copies of To-



For India: 968 copies of TOGETHER.

GETHER? What a response! At last count, 143 Methodists in 31 states had sent us 968 (see photo)!

They continue to come. So Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Hindus, Moslems, and what have you are being exposed to TOGETHER!

Together / NEWSLETTER

LIQUOR SHOWDOWN. With over \$400 million a year at stake, pressure is building to end a 23-year-old voluntary ban by TV and radio stations on hard-liquor advertising. The issue is expected to reach the new Congress; the 85th Congress received, but failed to act on, bills which would have clamped Federal controls on such ads. Now some radio stations have indicated they will take them. Recent use of women in liquor ads also is expected to increase pressure for controls.

WOMEN WANT VIEWS HEARD. The Woman's Division of Christian Service has asked its president, Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, to communicate to President Eisenhower its support of: an end to the draft, an expanded foreign-aid program, federal aid to education, revision of immigration policy. In annual session, the women also outlined a housing program that would provide "a decent home . . . for every American family."

FOR COLLEGES: \$8.3 MILLION. Methodists during the 1957-58 fiscal year gave over \$8.3 million for current operation of their universities, theological and secondary schools, and Wesley Foundations. This was \$1.2 million more than '56-'57. The church now has over \$947 million invested in higher education.

QUARANTINE REDS? Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, after a 30,000-mile world tour, says he is "more frightened of Communism than ever before." He urges free nations to enforce a "quarantine against the deadly disease of Communism in order to survive it." Communists, he adds, "know how to take apart the human personality and reassemble it better than anyone else on earth." But he believes if Christian democracies uphold their moral principles Communism will run its course and be dissipated.

PRAYER FOR PEACE. Altoona (Pa.) District Methodists are observing Lent with a 1,000-hour Prayer Vigil for Peace, and in Nebraska Methodists are holding daily Lenten peace vigils. It's all part of a year-long movement to increase prayers for a peaceful world.

CATHOLICS LEAD IN CONGRESS. Roman Catholics have overtaken Methodists in the 86th Congress, a Library of Congress survey shows. Catholics number 103, a gain of 10 over last session. Methodists, long in first place, have dropped from 105 to 98. Next are Presbyterians, with 68; Baptists, 64; Episcopalians, 63.

(More church news on page 66)

True Story of Triumph over Hearing Loss!

The greatest victory in Grace Thornton's life was her return to the wonderful world of sound, after enduring years of suffering from a hearing loss. In her fascinating story, "I Learned to Hear Again," published by Zenith Radio Corporation, Grace describes the doubts, fears, frustrations, and despair she once knew. Then she relates how she gradually gained new hope, new confidence with the help of a hearing aid.

In this moving account of personal triumph you read what it means to regain full enjoyment of friends' voices . . . a concert, play, or community activity. And as she describes her steady advance toward better hearing, she gives many valuable bits of advice to those who now—or who hope to—travel the same road.

This advice, and all the other information packed in a warm, human story, can be helpful to you if you are hard-of-hearing. It is yours for the asking from Zenith, manufacturer of finest quality hearing aids. Simply mail coupon below for your free copy of "I Learned to Hear Again."

ZENITH HEARING AID DIVISION
Dept. 25P
5801 West Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.

Please send me your free booklet, "I Learned to Hear Again," published by Zenith Radio Corp., with descriptive literature on Zenith Hearing Aids.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____



“Because my nerves
were troubling me,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“Nowadays most everything seems to be caused by ‘nerves’. But what causes them? That’s what I asked when I started getting jumpy and irritable and not sleeping well.

“One answer I learned from my doctor: too much coffee. He explained that some people just can’t always take the caffeine in coffee. It irritates their nervous systems. He suggested I start drinking Postum because it’s caffeine-free.

“I followed his advice, doubtfully at first, I admit. But now I’m convinced. My ‘nerves’ have disappeared; my disposition’s better—all since I began drinking Postum. Why don’t you try rich, hearty Postum? You’ll like it, too!”



Postum is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods



✠ *Personal Testimony*

*With Frederick Brown Harris,
Senate chaplain, Mme. Chiang pauses
to examine a large stained-glass window
honoring her in Foundry Methodist
Church, Washington, D.C.
Dr. Harris formerly
was pastor there.*



What Resurrection Means to Me

By MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

ON MANY an ancient Roman grave archaeologists found the letters NFFNSNC representing *non fui, fui, non sum, non curo*, meaning, "I was not, I was, I am not, I do not care." Men of Rome, surfeited and wearied with their materialistic life, persuaded themselves that death ends all and that they did not care.

To us Christians this is contrary to God's plan, for he endowed each of us with a spirit that death cannot reach. It is part of the power and glory of Christ's Resurrection that we have his assurance that the soul cannot die.

Pondering the Resurrection, I am reminded of the historic development of the concept of immortality. In Isaiah we read, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Greek poets used stages of the lowly caterpillar, the larva, and the butterfly to typify man's earthly form, his apparent death, and his ultimate celestial destination. Socrates said, "All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are immortal and di-

vine." Later, John stated, "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Thus although the belief in immortality existed long before the time of Christ, the core of the Christian faith lies in the fact that because he lives, we shall live also. Christ brought assurance and peace that passeth all understanding.

It is the defeated who persuade themselves that death ends all. Those who do not know where to turn, or who try to end their troubles by suicide, are the cowardly, the terrified, and the despairing. In the heroic, the daring, and the confident who trust the eternal goodness of God, there is something intangible which refuses to accept the agnostic's "I do not know," the atheist's "I do not believe," or the cynic's "I do not care."

The courageous look with faith through death to the hope of a continued life beyond the grave, for life on earth is but a transitory period of testing and training in preparation for eternity. "The spirit of man which God inspired cannot together perish with this corporeal clod," wrote



Father of the Soongs

HAD IT NOT been for the insight of an American steamer captain and the guidance of a Methodist minister, Yao-ju Soong might have lived and died a common sailor. But fortunately for his native China, his life was to become vastly more significant.

Yao-ju was barely into his teens when he left his homeland to become a cabin boy on the side-wheeler *Schuyler Colfax*. Captain Charles Jones saw quickly that the bright, slender lad was capable of greater things. So, docking in Wilmington, N.C., in 1880, he turned the boy over to the Rev. T. Page Ricaud, of Fifth Street Methodist Church. The kindly pastor not only led Yao-ju to Christ (baptizing him Charles Jones Soong after his first benefactor) but also arranged for his education at Trinity College and Vanderbilt University, where in 1885 he earned a theological degree.

Returning to Shanghai as a Methodist missionary, C. J. Soong published Bibles and other Christian literature in Chinese, helped organize China's first YMCA, and taught English to thousands of boys. For several decades he was a guiding Christian force in the Orient.

Yet C. J. Soong perhaps will best be remembered for his remarkable family. His three sons became able financiers and public servants (T. V., the eldest, was China's premier from 1945-47). And the three Soong sisters became famous because of the men they married: H. H. Kung, China's wartime minister of finance; Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Republic, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, China's wartime leader who now heads the Nationalist Government on Formosa.

Charles Jones Soong died in 1927, the year his youngest daughter, Mei-ling, married Chiang. But through her, three years later, his dedicated life indirectly bore its richest fruit: She converted her husband to Christianity, giving one of the world's oldest civilizations its first Christian leader.

Milton. And, according to Emerson, the "only sane solution" for life's enigma is that the world here below is for man's education.

The form of the resurrected body of man has always seemed to trouble many people. Paul discussed this at length in I Corinthians 15. Let us rest content that at the judgment day God will give us bodies "as he had chosen." It profits us nothing to fret over the form with which the spirit will be clothed. What gives man his worth is his spirit, his soul, not his material value as expressed in chemical terms.

Immortality does not only mean the incorruptibility of the corruptible; it means continued growth of mind, infinite expansion of spirit, and increased stature of personality. An early New England minister once said, "How prudently most men creep into nameless graves, while now and then one or two forget themselves into immortality!" How true it is that those whose names are best remembered down through history in every land were those who forgot themselves in serving others.

Brother Lawrence, scrubbing in a monastery kitchen, polishing his pots and pans to the glory of God and serving his brethren in the lowliest capacity.

Abraham Lincoln, devoting himself to the unity of his country and freedom for the slaves.

Garibaldi, working for the liberation of Italy and challenging others: "If you seek honor or fame or ease, you will not find it in our ranks. But if you will march for long hours with little or no food; if you will wear tattered clothing, come with us and share the glory of dying in a sublime cause."

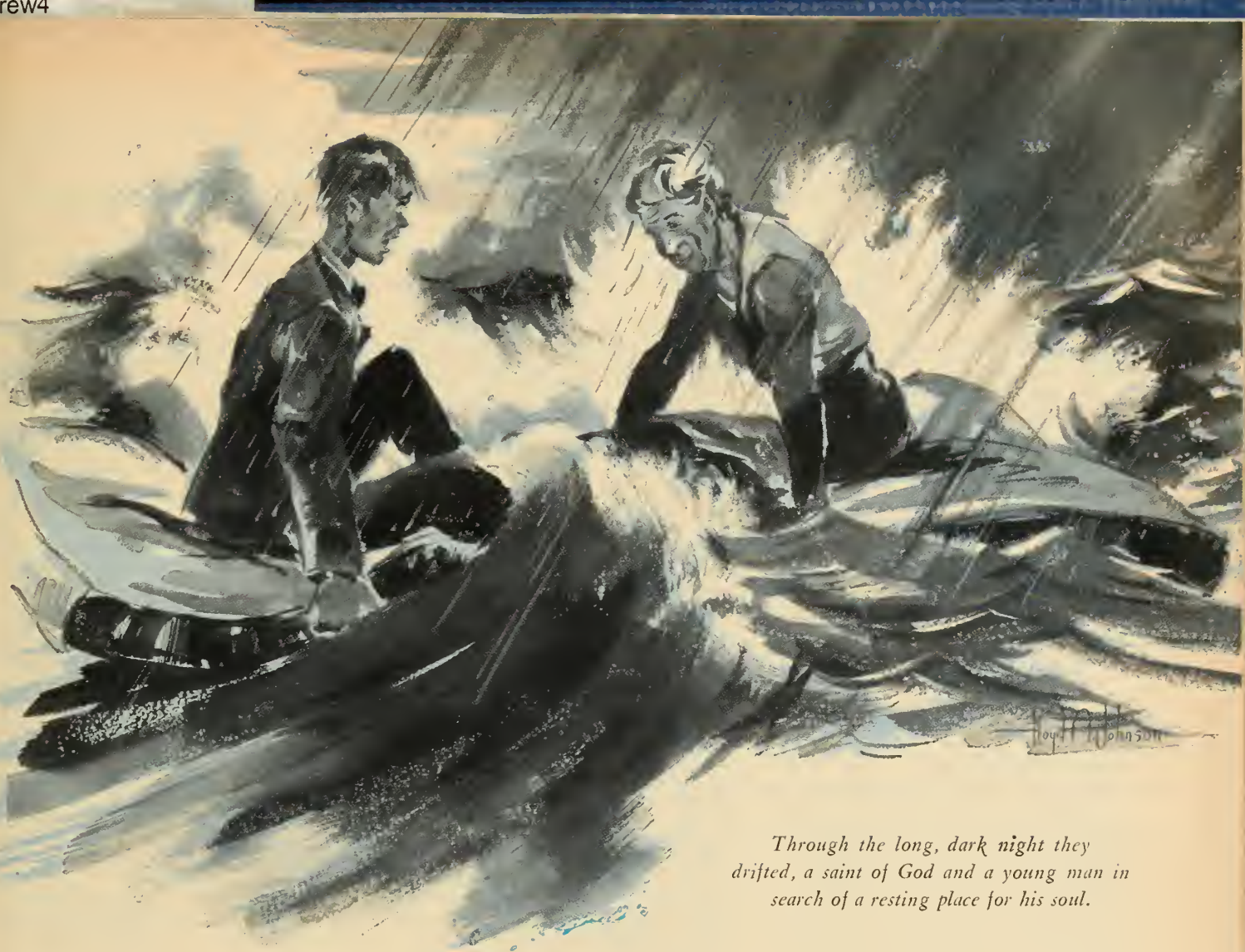
Sun Yat-sen, the father of our republic, laboring incessantly for the cause of China's national integrity and the Three Peoples' Principles.

Four chaplains on a torpedoed ship in World War II—Jewish, Catholic, and two Protestants—giving up their life jackets so that others might live.

These men and others like them forget themselves into immortality!

We came to understand the nature of God through the incarnate Christ; even so we have the assurance of immortality because of the power and glory of Christ's Resurrection. Immortality is not a straw grasped by the weak, the timorous, the apprehensive; it harmonizes with the nature of God that he should will us to continue unto perfection, through all eternity, the work begun here and unfinished in our short span of life on earth.

The earthly body matters little; at death the soul takes its flight from the earthly temple and returns to God. The power and the glory of Easter is that when men had done their cruel worst in crucifying our Lord on the cross there was an unfathomable caliber in Christ which they could not reach—a caliber which defied the sting of death. He lives, and we shall live also.



Through the long, dark night they drifted, a saint of God and a young man in search of a resting place for his soul.

God's hand was in the miracle that saved two lives.

FAITH

By Storm

By WHITNEY J. DOUGH

*Associate Pastor, First Methodist Church
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

THUNDERHEADS rolling ominously over Port-au-Prince, 40 miles behind us, should have made us cautious. But everything was so peaceful on the *Janeen* that August afternoon in 1957 that we gave no thought to the coming storm.

It was the 15th day of our one-month Prayer Cruise to the Caribbean and all had gone well. The *Janeen* is a sturdy ship, 140 feet long, sleek and low in the water, 200 tons of wood and steel, with two masts rising 100 feet into the sky. Her size, her owner-captain, Mike, and her diesel auxiliary engine gave our 28 Methodist guests a feeling of security.

Toward sunset, I began calling the people for vesper devotions. I stood amidships, near the starboard railing, as they gathered—some standing, others sitting on the kapok mattresses we used for sleeping. I remember that someone was walking about, calling those still in the bow and below decks to worship.

Suddenly, with no warning, a wind of hurricane force smashed against the ship! The *Janeen* began to keel over. Beneath me, the deck rose and lifted me toward the sky; the port side dipped low and disappeared in the sea. Rushing water hurled passengers toward the stern. Screams of fright came from everywhere.

I saw two teen-age boys waist deep in water, struggling

for a foothold and grasping for a nearby lifeboat. As the lifeboat was lifted off the deck, the boys scrambled into it. The boat came to rest over the railing at a crazy angle.

Then, as suddenly as she had keeled over, the *Janeen* righted herself. We had been hit by an 85-mile-an-hour gust which had lasted only two minutes. But in those minutes disaster had befallen us. Our sails had been torn to shreds; the ship was out of control; a blinding rain was falling, and the sea was churning. There was utter confusion on deck. As the crew struggled to get the ship under control, someone dashed up to me and shouted:

"Mr. Dough! Three people are overboard—Mrs. Shuler, Mrs. Nelson, and Bill Dozier!"

I hurried over the slippery deck toward the wheel, where the captain was bellowing orders. Desperately, I blurted out the awful news. "We'll turn back as fast as we can!" Mike shouted.

I ran toward the deckhouse, hoping the report was not true. Inside, women and children were huddled—frightened, crying, and donning life preservers. In one corner, embracing his children, Linda Kay, 11, and Jimmy, 14, was Dr. John Shuler, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Paris, Tex.

Mrs. Shuler, affectionately known as Skip, had been washed overboard in full sight of Jimmy, now hysterical. Dr. Shuler held his two sobbing children while he prayed. "God will help us get Mommy back," he reassured them.

Suddenly I heard the captain shouting: "Help! There's someone in the water back here! Come quickly!"

I dashed to the stern. Peering through the pelting rain, I saw the frightened face of Skip Shuler. She was clinging to a rope and struggling to keep her head above water.

QUICKLY, we pulled her aboard and helped her to the deckhouse. It was thrilling to hear Dr. Shuler say to his children: "See, God did give Mommy back to us when we prayed!"

Shock, exhaustion, and rope burns were the only injuries suffered by Mrs. Shuler in her terrifying 15 minutes in the sea.

By the time the ship was under control and operating on the diesel engine, we had traveled at least a mile. Then we headed back as fast as we could to the spot where the wind had hit us. We all lined the rails and peered into the rain and darkness, calling for Bill and Mrs. Nelson. We saw a board that had broken from a lifeboat support and knew we were near the right place. But there was no answering cry.

When the storm lifted, we took hope in the calm sea and the moonlit night. Still no answer. We played the ship's searchlight over the water, but still saw nothing.

"Perhaps they're calling to us but we can't hear them," suggested Captain Mike. He shut off the engine and generator, and we drifted silently in the darkness, alternately shouting and listening. There was no other sound except the soft beating of waves against the *Janeen*.

Gradually, a feeling of horror gripped us. Bill Dozier was an expert swimmer, but in such weather even he would have little chance. "If he just kept his head until the rain cleared up, he could see the mountains and make it to shore," Captain Mike observed. He did not mention the sharks.

But if Bill were in danger, what of Mrs. Nelson? She was over 70 and unable to swim!

With sagging spirits, we tried our best to pray. Somehow, faith came to me with our prayers and some of the burden rolled off my heart.

Dawn brought renewed hope, but not for long. We scanned the ocean with powerful binoculars, but saw nothing. We decided to put into Miragoâne to arrange for a search plane—hoping, but not expecting, to find Bill ashore. Twelve hours had gone by since the accident. If he were to make it to shore, he would already be there.

As we sailed into the harbor, our eyes still vainly searching the ocean, we would have been astonished to know that out there, too far away for us to see them but near enough for them to see the *Janeen*, were Bill and Mrs. Nelson in a life-and-death struggle with the sea.

When Mrs. Nelson and Bill were swept overboard, God did not desert them. Mrs. Nelson was a woman of continual good cheer and everyone

loved her. She was a joyful Christian and bubbled over with love of life. She loved young people. She loved fun. And through her living it was plain to see that she loved the Lord with all her heart.

Mrs. Nelson had been sitting on deck when the waist-deep waves surged over her. They picked her up like a cork and carried her over the railing. She grabbed for a lifeboat as she swept by, but missed. Within seconds she was in the sea, struggling to stay on top.

SUDDENLY, right in front of her, she saw one of the kapok mattresses which had been washed off the deck. I believe God put that mattress there. And right beside the mattress was Bill Dozier, a strong swimmer! I believe God put Bill there to help her onto the mattress.

Bill had been at the port railing when the wind struck and the sea came rushing over the deck. He grabbed a steel cable leading to the mast and hung on. A strong boy, he could have saved himself, but he saw Mrs. Nelson as she was swept past. He grabbed for her, missed, then deliberately leaped into the sea after her.

In many ways, Bill was the exact opposite of Mrs. Nelson. Just three days short of his 17th birthday, he was a stalwart blond boy with tremendous possibilities for good. But, like many other teen-agers, he had not taken full advantage of the Christian opportunities around him. He had been so occupied with the fascinations of the world that praying, getting to church faithfully, and living for Christ seemed relatively unimportant. I knew that someday he would find God and himself. And I believe God was working in him when Bill leaped into the raging sea to pull Mrs. Nelson onto the floating mattress and save her life.

Once on the mattress, Mrs. Nelson thanked God for providing it. She thought to herself: "I've always liked to go to the beach and float on an inner tube. This mattress isn't much different. I'll just enjoy it!"

The sea around Haiti is warm, so the pair, clinging to the mattress in their wet clothing, were not chilled. After a time Mrs. Nelson asked Bill: "Doesn't the rain feel good? It's so

Bethany Hospital Plans \$750,000 Pavilion



Her 60th year of service to Bethany Deaconess Hospital is celebrated by 88-year-old Sister Ida Gerber as she cuts cake for Queens Borough President J. J.

Crisona. At right is Superintendent Norman O. Edwards. The hospital is raising \$750,000 for six-story pavilion for chronically ill aged, and maternity cases.

Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, plans to build a \$750,000 pavilion for the care of the chronically ill aged, and maternity patients. The 350 churches of the New York East Conference will be asked to contribute funds to the campaign.

According to plans revealed by Edwin H. Mueller, president, and the Rev. Dr. Norman O. Edwards, administrator, a six-story structure will be erected adjacent to the present building on Bleecker St. near Ridgewood Ave. The fifth and sixth floors will provide 25 beds for aged patients, and the second, third, and fourth floors will be equipped with 22 beds and facilities for maternity patients. The first floor will include a civil defense disaster room, modern pharmacy, and record room.

No other Methodist institution between Boston and Philadelphia and east of Cleveland provides special care for the chronically ill aged, Mr. Mueller points out. The hospital ministers to persons of all races, religions, and nationalities.

The drive was launched at a luncheon meeting of representatives of 72 churches of the Brooklyn North District with Superintendent Henry Whyman as honorary chairman.

The Rev. Richard Francis of Flushing is general fund-raising chairman with the Rev. John Stotz as co-ordinator. The Rev. James Watson of Plainview is district chairman. Approximately \$200,000 already has been subscribed.

Shockley Named Professor at Garrett

The Rev. Dr. Grant S. Shockley, pastor since 1953 of James Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been named professor of religious education at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., it was announced by President Dwight E. Loder. His duties will begin at the 1959 summer school.

Dr. Shockley was visiting professor of religious education at Garrett for two summer sessions, 1952 and 1956.

He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1919. He holds an A.B. degree from Lincoln University. In 1945 he was awarded his B.D. degree by Drew Theological Seminary. His work in religious education was taken at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University, N. Y., where he earned his M. A. in 1946 and his Ed.D. in 1952. His pastoral experience includes St. John's Methodist Church, Spring Lake,

N. J.; St. Luke's Methodist Church, New Rochelle, N. Y.; and Whatcoat Methodist Church, Dover, Delaware.

He was formerly minister to youth at St. Mark's Church, New York City; instructor in religion and philosophy, and director of religious life at Clark College, Atlanta, Ga.; field director, in-service ministerial education curriculum and teaching project, Board of Missions of the Methodist Church; professor of religious education at Gammon Theological Seminary; and director of the ministerial training correspondence school for the Central Jurisdiction of the Methodist Church.

At present he is lecturer in education at New York University, Department of Religious Education. He has been dean and counselor of numerous summer youth assemblies, and instructor in many

Continued on page 3



Grant S. Shockley



Visits Children's Home

An appreciative report has been received by Superintendent Mirl W. Whitaker of the Methodist Home for Children in Williamsville, N. Y., from Miss Marcia O'Neil of the Hudson Falls Church. Miss O'Neil recently worked at the home for five weeks as part of the requirements of a course at Keuka College.

Miss O'Neil terms her service "enjoyable as well as educational" and states that it has strengthened her desire to work with disturbed children in the field of Christian education.

Her insight led to the following observations: "One can never let up when the girls show any signs of improvement, or when they slip back into their old behavior . . . the staff members cannot relax their constant encouragement. . . . Slowly the girls come to trust you and to accept you as a friend . . . they need help in learning about Christianity. . . . Patience is the key word."

Fifty Years a Preacher

Fifty Years a Preacher is the title of a book by the Rev. William H. Moser which the New York Methodist Conference hopes to publish in time for the author's 90th birthday, October 24, 1959.

In a statement issued to the 348 churches in the Conference, the Rev. C. Wesley Christman, Jr., of Peekskill, president of the Historical Committee, points out that Rev. Mr. Moser was chosen "as a typical Methodist preacher of a past generation" to write the story of his life. The book will be about 128 pages in length and is humorous and informative as well as inspirational. A paper-covered edition will sell for \$2 and a clothbound edition for \$3.

Mr. Christman asks all churches to send advance orders to Morton C. Lindsey, Montrose, N. Y., since 500 volumes must be ordered to cover the cost of printing.

World Service Gifts Up

World service gifts increased in each conference of the area in the first six months of the fiscal year for a total of \$256,714 as against \$216,955 for the same period last year.

Following are the conference totals with last year's figures in parenthesis: Newark, \$88,072 (\$77,484); New York, \$40,748 (\$26,476); New York East, \$84,994 (\$74,684); Troy, \$42,898 (\$38,309).

MARCH, 1959 Vol. 3, No. 3
TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

Subscriptions: Order through your local Methodist church. The basic rate under the All-Family Plan is 50¢ a quarter (\$2 a year) billed to the church. Individual subscriptions (and group orders not qualifying for the All-Family rate) are \$3 a year in advance. Single copy price is 35¢.

Second-class postage has been paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

New York Area Edition—Bishop Frederick B. Newell. Editor: Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Bishop Herbert Welch (right), principal speaker at a joint meeting of the Commission on Christian Higher Education and National Association of Methodist Schools and Colleges, witnesses the presentation of a citation to Stanley Kresge, left, Methodism's "Distinguished Alumnus of 1958," by Bishop Paul N. Garber.



Boxes of clothing to be shipped overseas by Church World Service crowd the Norwalk, Conn., Church foyer as leaders prepare for Missions Institute. From left:

Dr. Glora Wysner, speaker; the Rev. Robert Paine, missionary secretary; the Rev. E. Leslie Wood, superintendent; and the Rev. Barton Bovee, host pastor.

Radio Institute Set

A Religious Radio Institute for pastors and laymen will be held February 24, at Drew University by the Rev. William A. Meadows, TRAFCO director of radio-TV service and training.

The program is being arranged by the Department of Speech of the University's theological school.

Rev. Mr. Meadows will deal with three topics: *How to Plan a Presentation, Radio in Your Community*, and *The Radio Devotional Program*.

SHOCKLEY NAMED

Continued from page 1

pastors' schools and leadership training schools.

Dr. Shockley is vice-president of the board of directors, Brooklyn Division, Protestant Council; a member of the Division of Christian Education, General Assembly of the National Council of Churches; serves on the advisory committee, Brooklyn Branch, National Urban League; and is chairman of the subcommittee on education of the same organization.

He has contributed many articles to church publications, and since 1948 has written curriculum material for Methodist church-school publications.

Mrs. Shockley is the former Doris V. Taylor of Lawrenceville, Va. They have a daughter, Muriel Elizabeth, 17 months old.

To Study Alcoholism

Problems of alcoholism will be studied March 10, from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. at First Church, Westfield, N. J., where the Newark Conference Board of Temperance will hold a seminar.

Special attention will be given to the role of the Christian minister in dealing with the health problems arising from alcoholism.

The Rev. James M. Boyd, Jr., pastor of First Church, Summit, will deliver the keynote address on "Facing Our Responsibilities," and Dr. C. Nelson Davis, Philadelphia psychiatrist, will speak on "What Is Alcoholism?"

At the afternoon session the Rev. John C. van Dyk of Morris Plains will discuss "Counseling the Alcoholic," and a panel composed of William Harris of the State Department of Health; a member of Alcoholics Anonymous; and the Rev. Yvelin Gardner of the National Council on Alcoholism, will discuss community resources.

"The Methodist Program of Rehabilitation" will be described by the Rev. J. Robert Regan, Jr., staff member of the General Board of Temperance.

'More Blessed . . .'

St. Mark's Church, Rockville Centre, N. Y., believes it is more blessed to give than to receive.

It has sent \$900 to the South Third Street Church, Brooklyn, as an expression of brotherly concern.

The Rev. Dr. Harold Roy Brennan reports in the monthly *Messenger*: "Mr. Arthur Raynor, president of the Brooklyn-Long Island Church Society, states that the electrical system at South Third Street has become obsolete and failed, leaving the church and parsonage without heat and light. We can be assured that our gift is meeting a real need in the Williamsburg Area where the Rev. Burton Davison and the Rev. Alfredo Cotto-Thorner carry on their ministry."

THE BISHOP WRITES



What Price Belief

The other day we were in Plymouth, England, from whence came our ancestors. The travel agency had found us quiet and lovely inns where we might enjoy Southwest England, but in Plymouth they failed dismally. Our hotel was dirty and uninviting—so much so that we refused to stay.

And looking at the place I said facetiously and perhaps disrespectfully, "No wonder the Pilgrims left Plymouth." Of course that was grossly unfair. For they left England to procure and establish the freedoms we so deeply

cherish and for which they so grievously suffered:

- The Freedom to worship God;
- The Freedom to think and write and speak and print;
- The Freedom not to be hungry;
- And the Freedom not to be afraid;

All these we cherish and enjoy save possibly the last, for we are not yet free from fear.

Now, all the people of this earth do not possess these freedoms, and like our forefathers some of them are paying a great price for their faith. I have seen some of them recently in Communist lands. The sacrifices which Christians must make to continue as believers behind the iron curtain are extremely costly. There our ministers lose their social benefits so important under socialized governments. They give up their social security and their hospitalization to preach the Gospel.

And the laity pays for its faith, too. No believer can hold any government position. One cannot be a schoolteacher, a policeman, a fireman, or a postman if he is a believer. He cannot even sweep the streets or cart the garbage if he's a believer.

The other night I was reading the Book of Acts where Paul was having his argument with the chief captain who proudly boasted, "with a great sum obtained I this freedom." How simply Paul answered, "But I was free born."

Now perhaps it is just at this point that we Americans ought to stop and do some thinking about the freedoms we cherish and of which we so proudly boast. Perhaps some of us preachers ought to turn the quotations around a bit and remind our people of the price our forefathers paid. Perhaps occasionally we ought to say quietly to our congregations and to ourselves,

You were not born free
You were bought with a price.

— J. A. L. —



Redecoration of the sanctuary at Montpelier, Vt., is part of a three-point program of improvement. A 3,300-square-foot area was reclaimed for church-school purposes, also a "nearly new" parsonage. The membership has been increased by 56.

The Circuit Writer

Fourteen churches in the Western District of the Newark Conference are participating in a simultaneous Every-Member Canvass under the direction of Howard J. Young, Conference stewardship director. They are Drakestown, Flanders, Frankford Plains, Hackettstown, Hurdtown, Lake Hopatcong, Milton, Port Jervis, Rockaway Valley, Sandyston, Stanhope, Stockholm, Washington, and Wharton.

St. John's Church, New Rochelle, N. Y., has dedicated tower chimes presented by Miss Marion Robertson in memory of her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Robinson.

The Stamford, Conn., Ministers' League issued a public statement on the significance of Christmas and the observance of Chanukah commenting upon the redemptive forces affirmed by the symbols of the Menorah and the Star. Four Methodists were among the signers.

The Jefferson Street Church, Hartford, Conn., has changed its name to Christ Methodist Church.

A 30-minute concert of sacred music was presented by the Drew University choir at St. Paul's Church Middletown, N. Y., as a special feature of Boy Scout Sunday.

The Rev. Frederick W. Vogell of Fifth Avenue-State Street Church, Troy, N. Y., was dean of a University of Life School, presented for four weeks in January by the Education Committee of the Troy Area Council of Churches.

A lesson in communication may be learned from the young people of the Hampton Bays (N. Y.) Church. A copy of a booklet they published for the shut-ins of the community was produced in Braille. One of the young men of the community in whom Pastor Walter W. Pitt is interested, a Roman Catholic, is blind.

Seventy-two members of the New York East Conference MYF attended an all-day seminar at the United Nations.

The gremlins again. The January issue of our area TOGETHER news referred to the Rev. J. Edgar Washabaugh as president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. Dr. Washabaugh is president of something, alright, but it is of the Board of Trustees of Centenary College. Kinsey N. Merritt is president of the Ocean Grove Association and for many years Dr. Washabaugh was vice-president in charge of program.

More than 475 young persons attended a New Haven District MYF rally to hear the Rev. John A. Russell, Yale Wesley Foundation director and New York East Conference secretary, speak on *I Am Doing a Great Work*.

The December issue of *New Ideas for Christmas*, a Fawcett Publication, carried a two-page feature entitled, *America*

at *Christmastide* with eight pictures of a pageant at St. John's Church, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Instead of receiving candy and gifts at a Christmas party, the children of Butler Church, N. J., gave a musical presentation of the Christmas story. The money went for a new 16 mm. sound projector.

Members of Trinity Church, Albany, made a five-week pilgrimage to the Middle East via addresses by the Rev. Dr. James K. Matthews, Dr. Glora Wyner, the Rev. George Gallas, Mrs. Laurens Seelye, and Dr. Assad S. Saigh.

The Demarest, N. J., church is setting a remarkable example of stewardship in the financing of a new church and the maintaining of the annual budget. A membership of 270, or 130 families, is contributing \$40,000 to the budget and the average pledge is \$6 per week.

With two days preparation, the Mamaroneck (N. Y.) Church provided four portions of Dave Garroway's *Today* program Christmas morning. Appreciative mail has been reaching the Rev. Edgar N. Jackson from all parts of the United States.

Drew President Fred Holloway has been installed as the first president of the Council of Protestant Colleges and Universities.

Everything but sunshine and palm trees is being enjoyed by the Florida Club at First Church, Hartford, Conn. Members are retired men who meet Wednesday afternoons to play games and enjoy music and companionship.

New Haven 'Talks Back'

The television series "Talk Back," a production of the Methodist television ministry in co-operation with the National Council of Churches, is being seen on WNHCTV Channel 8, New Haven, Conn., Wednesdays at 9 a.m.

Each program includes a film depicting a family or community problem followed by a "live" panel of local residents who discuss the Christian solutions to the problem.

Bishop in Puerto Rico

Bishop Newell spent five days in Puerto Rico presiding at the Provisional Annual Conference.

He arrived in San Juan January 28, to assist Bishop Fred Corson at the four-day session at Moderno Methodist Church, and returned February 1, to his office in New York City.

In a letter to the ministers of his area, Bishop Newell explained that this seemed "a natural assignment" considering the tremendous Puerto Rican population of New York City.

New Horizons

- East Norwich (N. Y.) Methodists have pledged \$60,000 for an educational unit for which ground will be broken in the spring.

- Improvements at the New Providence (N. J.) Church were consecrated by Bishop Newell on the church's 160th anniversary.

- Plans for a contemporary "New Village Church," Bayville, N. Y., have been approved. The building fund so far totals \$27,576.

- Bishop Newell dedicated the renovated sanctuary of Metropolitan-Duane Church, New York City, January 11. The Rev. G. Roy Bragg officiated at the service.

- Newcomb (N.Y.) Methodists have provided their pastor with a new parsonage.

- The remaining \$100,000 mortgage on the \$245,000 sanctuary at the Cranford (N. J.) Church has been burned. Trustee Chairman Thomas Buzalski and Treasurer William A. Lyons presided.

- Half a \$6,000 legacy left by the late Miss Elsie Diefendorf to Fifth Avenue-State Street Church, Troy, N. Y., has gone for new Sunday-school rooms. Forty-one persons contributed 565 hours of labor.

- First Church, Waterbury, Conn., is raising \$50,000 to renovate Sunday-school rooms to match the recently refurbished sanctuary. The church is celebrating its 143rd year in Waterbury and its 80th year at the present site.

- At the Newton (N. J.) Church, \$93,000 has been pledged for the erection of an educational unit.

- Teabo (N. J.) Methodists are planning a new parsonage, an addition to the church, and a new basement.

- The Sparta (N. J.) Church has a renovated sanctuary, new lighting fixtures, and oak paneling.

McElroy Named to Calvary

The pulpit of Calvary Methodist Church, East Orange, N. J., vacant since the appointment last spring of the Rev. Harry Milton Taylor as dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Drew University, has been filled by the Rev. John A. McElroy, pastor of the Arch Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Calvary is one of the largest churches in the Newark Conference and Dr. Taylor was its minister for fifteen years.

Dr. McElroy, whose appointment became effective February 2, was pastor of the Arch Street Church for ten years. He previously held pastorates at First Church, Roxborough, Pa.; Springfield, Pa.; Trevoise and Harriman, Pa.; Bethesda Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mount Zion Church, Steelton, Pa.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1913 and received his education at Dickinson College, Drew Theological Seminary, and Temple University.

He is married to the former Grace Shorter and they have three children.

cool and refreshing!" But Bill, filled with fear and uncertainty, could not respond to her mood.

Later, Mrs. Nelson, too, began to worry, mostly about us on the *Janeen*. She knew we would be searching for them—and she didn't want us to be worried! She had lost her glasses and she began to think about her dental plates, which she called her "china."

"Suppose I lose my china, too?" she thought. "What a mess I'd look if they found me!"

Bill was concerned about other things. After they had floated in the darkness for two hours, he said in a voice choked with fear: "Mrs. Nelson, this looks as if it might be the end for us, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Bill," she admitted. "But if it is, my heart is at peace. It is wonderful to know the Lord."

"But," Bill answered, "my heart is not at peace. I'm a church member all right, but I don't have the faith you do."

Soon Mrs. Nelson was telling Bill the wonderful story Christians know so well. Through the long, dark night they drifted, a saint of God and a young man in search of a resting place for his soul. And there, lost on the dark sea, Bill Dozier found the faith to believe.

When dawn came, Bill began swimming behind the mattress and pushing it toward shore. Once a large fish grabbed him by the heel, but he kicked it off with the other foot. Later, we saw a ring of tooth marks left in his heel.

Bill suffered nausea and cramps. But he kept on swimming and pushing. Both he and Mrs. Nelson were sunburned and stung by jellyfish. Far worse, the mattress was gradually taking in water and sinking. Bill called many times on his new-found faith and found it sufficient.

During the morning, while still far from shore, they saw the *Janeen* racing toward Miragoâne. One more hope gone! Several small boats came near but did not hear their frantic cries.

Finally, about noon, Bill realized the waterlogged mattress would soon sink, leaving Mrs. Nelson without any means of staying afloat.

"Mrs. Nelson," he asked, "will it be all right if I leave you here and try to make it to shore to get help?"

"Yes, Bill," she told him. "And if

I'm not here when you get back, you'll know that everything is all right."

This was their last test. As Bill swam away, a Haitian fishing boat spotted Mrs. Nelson on the sinking mattress and picked her up. Soon it caught up with Bill. He and Mrs. Nelson had been 17 hours in those shark-infested waters. Subsequently the fishing boat transferred them to a modern cabin cruiser headed for Miragoâne. There they made their way to where we sat, utterly dejected, on the deck of the *Janeen*.

For us, as the day had worn on and the search plane had circled endlessly over the water, our spirits had kept sinking lower and lower. Even Captain Mike seemed broken. "I'm going to sell the ship," he muttered. "I have no more taste for sailing." I knew then the extent of his agony, for Captain Mike loved the *Janeen*.

Friends in Miragoâne held out no hope. An official at an American plant told us bluntly: "No one could survive those sharks for more than half an hour." On the dock, natives stood in mute sympathy.

Then, more than 24 hours after the accident, a white cabin cruiser came sweeping in. And there, smiling up at us, were the sunburned faces of Bill and Mrs. Nelson!

WE grabbed each other, shouting and jumping up and down on deck, and literally hauled them aboard. Our native friends started singing, white teeth gleaming, faces alive with joy in our joy. It was like an old-time camp meeting.

Captain Mike danced along the deck, roaring: "I'm gonna become a Methodist! You can't kill 'em, so you just have to join 'em!"

Later, when quiet had been restored, Bill Dozier told me of those dark hours on the sea—and how they had brought him to Christ.

As companions in a 17-hour trial by storm, men would never choose a sophisticated 17-year-old and a woman of 70 who could not swim, but who loved God with all her heart.

But God had so chosen. Bill made his choice when he unselfishly leaped into the sea. His reward? A faith that will go with him all the days of his life and beyond, into the life that follows.



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"

—JOHN WESLEY

As a mother slipped out of the room after putting her son to bed, she heard him add this postscript to his prayers: "... and God, please make Jimmy Jones stop hitting me! I've mentioned this before."

—MRS. LUCILLA DAHLSTROM,
Miami Springs, Fla.

The young man was being interviewed for a job as a newspaper reporter. "A young couple got a preacher out of bed at 3 A.M. and asked him to marry them. How would you like your head that?" asked the editor.

The applicant got the job with this headline: "Parson Ties Knot in His Shirttail."

—MRS. HENRY AINSWORTH, Shawano, Wis.

A man was selling tickets for a church benefit to a friend. The latter said, "I'm sorry I can't buy one. I won't be able to attend, but my spirit will be there with you."

"Good!" said the other man. "I have a \$2, a \$3, and a \$5 ticket. Where would you like your spirit to sit?"

—LESLIE M. SPITZACK, Warsaw, Minn.

Asked why he was late for Sunday school, the small boy replied, "I was going fishing, but Daddy wouldn't let me."

"And I suppose he explained to you why you shouldn't go on Sunday," inquired the teacher.

"Yes ma'am," the boy admitted, "he said there wasn't enough bait for both of us."

—EVELYN PETERS, Rockford, Ill.

Why not share your favorite church-related chuckle with TOGETHER? If it is printed, you'll receive \$5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned, so please don't enclose postage.—EDS.



*World crisis, fresh challenges?
These are age-old themes, says this
famed historian, who concludes:*

To Survive Man Must Serve

By BRUCE CATTON

Historian and Editor, American Heritage

FOR THE first time in human history our race now possesses the ability to destroy itself, *in toto*, in something less than the twinkling of an eye. There is no guarantee whatever that it will not exercise that ability one of these days. Its world has become the kind of world Shakespeare talked about in *The Tempest*—one which may, quite literally, vanish and leave not a wrack behind.

The taint of hydrogen ash that drifts down the wind these days is an evil thing to have to live with. It is especially evil in that it comes coupled with the dreadful realization that we discovered the secrets of nuclear fission just a little ahead of our discovery of the proper way to make use of them. [See *Yes, Atoms for Peace!* October, 1958, page 12.] Our future, which we are approaching so rapidly, seems today to be more uncertain than humanity's future ever was before. The future may simply be nothingness, world without end, aeon on starless aeon. With that dreadful possibility we have to live these days.

All of which means that as never before we are forced to realize that our survival—not simply our survival as an American nation, but our survival as human beings, and the survival of every hope and ideal we ever dreamed of—depends strictly on our ability to live by intelligence rather than by emotion; on our capacity, in short, to behave like civilized human beings rather than like the pawns of

fear and of hatred and of self-interest.

This is a large order. As an incorrigible optimist, I do not think it is necessarily too large an order; but a man who does feel hopeful, in the face of it, can properly be called on to say precisely why he still retains a measure of optimism.

When we realize that we hold our fate in our own hands we are apt to want to know a good many things which we had not worried much about before. We want to know how we got this way, for one thing. For another, we want to know whether any previous generations ever found themselves in a similar fix—and, if so, how they managed to get out of it.

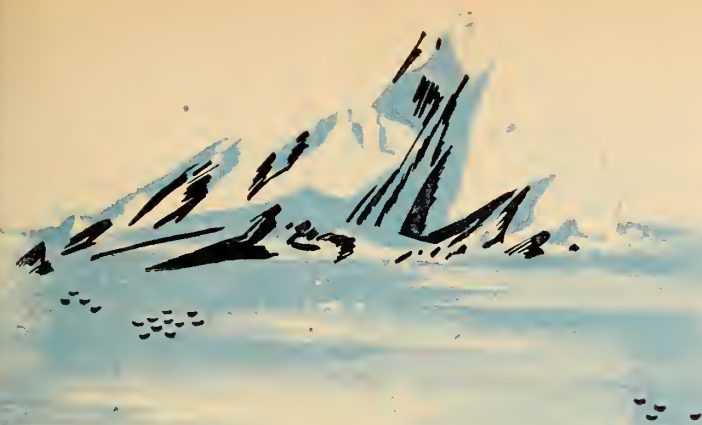
We go looking, in other words, for what used to be referred to as "the lessons of history." What sort of guideposts does a study of the past offer us? Of what workaday utility can a knowledge of history be to us? The doorway into the past does, illogically but inevitably, open a sort of door into the future. What do we see when we look through it?

I think we see a good deal. And the most important of all is simply that there is nothing really new about the fact that the world is in a state of crisis. It is always in a state of crisis: always has been and presumably always will be. The present has been properly defined as the place where two eternities meet, and no one is ever quite certain just how those two immensities can be fitted together without undue leakage. The price for the privilege of membership in

the human race has always been the obligation to confront infinite possibilities—possibilities for ill as well as for good.

For the capacity for self-destruction has always been with us; a bit of knowledge which was probably the last thing Lot's wife gained in the final moment of that backward glance of hers, just before she was transformed into a pillar of salt. Folly, stupidity, and malevolence are always our real enemies; they can open the way into the pit today—but they could always do the same thing in times past. The pit is more clearly visible now, and the drop into it can take place more rapidly; otherwise nothing essential has been changed.

Make no mistake about it; those are the terms on which human life is lived. What is true of the individual is also true of society as a whole. Human civilization, like human life itself, is no more than a flame burning in the midst of water, surrounded by great darkness. There are no certainties whatever, except perhaps for a few convictions which the hopeful among us manage to carry in our own breasts. We hold our own lives on sufferance; society as a whole is in no better case. The last two decades have taught us enough about man's capacity for infinite savagery to warn us that the whole structure of civilization has been erected and maintained on the edge of a deep pit which could swallow everything with little warning.



And it may be that the best thing that comes out of a study of the past is the simple realization that people thus far have in fact managed to stay out of the pit. There is an enormous resilience in human beings; the capacity for survival is greater than we usually imagine. Individual men and women may indeed be beaten down and given more of a load than they can carry, so that one by one they slip over the edge, but mankind as a whole does not take the plunge. Gibbon's famous dictum—that history is little more than a "register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind"—is only part of the truth. History is also a register of mankind's ability to assert control over its own destiny when the chips are down.

History is like an iceberg; most of it lives under the surface. Its great moments are not those in which famous leaders have said yes or no to some stark and brutal question; they are the unending times in which ordinary folk have simply made up their minds about things, have shown courage and endurance when no clear light was being given them, have faced up to challenges because they sensed a value beyond values—or, perhaps, simply because there is an indefinable something in the human spirit which refuses to be beaten.

These things make up the submerged part of the iceberg. The greater part of history is the story of the led rather than the leaders. There is an enduring continuity to the human story. This continuity is not necessarily imperfect, after all; it may run on into the future as well as back in the past.

And one of our chief reliances today is our ability to see and understand that continuity; to regain, in the face of all the visible hazards

(and in the face, too, of Gibbon's pessimistic conclusion) the feeling that we are a part of something greater than ourselves, and that the courage, the good sense, and the endurance to justify hope do exist.

Do we today, for example, actually face a prospect much more dismaying than the one which faced the American people in 1861, when Civil War suddenly broke upon the land and the great dream of unity and brotherhood seemed destined to vanish forever in smoke and fire?

Out of the great tragedy and loss of that war we did achieve something—commitment to two of the loftiest ideals any nation ever found itself obliged to follow. These were, quite simply, the belief that there is an inherent unity in human society greater than all of the divisible forces which may appear—which, perhaps, is just another way of saying a belief that we must someday achieve the brotherhood of man—and the belief that human freedom is something that goes all across the board, applying to men of every race and every creed and every color without any distinction whatever. We have not yet attained either of these ideals, but they are ours forever and we can never stop striving to reach them.

And the point of all of this is that every great challenge has back of it somewhere a great possibility—for good as well as for evil. We can never realize the full meaning of each challenge when it confronts us. We can only do the best we can with it. But somehow that can be enough. Humanity can draw on immense wellsprings of faith and courage. When it uses them to its full capacity, then it will open up the road to the future.

The challenges today's world presents are grave. Human freedom is

under attack as it has not been for generations. Over a substantial part of the earth, the ideal for human society appears to be a sort of antlike existence in which every man's spirit and every man's thoughts are carefully molded to fit a preconceived pattern. The urge to strike out blindly, to destroy those who differ with us, to reduce the individual to an unimportant integer in the working out of some monstrous and incomprehensible equation—this is an ever-present danger, and it is made much more onimous by the fact that mankind now has, ready to its hands, weapons which may not be used without the gravest peril.

Yet that is not really the whole of it, after all. Confused and terrible as the upheaval in today's world may be, somewhere far underneath it there is nevertheless going on an effort to improve the lot of men and women who desperately need something better than they have ever had before.

The world is in the act of breaking out of its old shell, which had become too small for it. If the act of breakage brings loss and danger, it also brings opportunity. The very weapon whose existence makes us shudder can also be a tremendous instrument for building; if, used wrongly, it could destroy the world, it can remake the world if it is used rightly. Today's challenges are not merely chances for destruction; if we meet them properly they are also chances for magnificent progress. The two chances go hand in hand. It is up to us to pick out the proper one.

We have little enough to go on when we meet these challenges. Nothing more, perhaps, than the sum of the dreams we have dreamed, the inspiration we have received from those dreams, and the distilled essence of the determination which we have to follow them until either dream or dreamer has been exhausted. Our infinite good fortune, as Americans, is that the dreams we have been given are inexhaustible. What happens to the dreamer matters little; it is what he serves that counts.

"Someday man will awaken from his long sleep and find that his dream remains, and that only the sleep is gone."



People Called Methodists: No. 2 in a series

Salt Water Runs in Their Blood

Willard Nickerson, Jr., left, drags dredger of scallops from shallow water a mile and a half from shore.



NESTLING on the southeastern bend of Cape Cod's elbow—where the sandy coastal plains meet the surging Atlantic—is the quiet village of Chatham, Massachusetts. It has long been home to fisherfolk and it was there that TOGETHER found the family we want you to meet now.

The family is that of Willard Nickerson, Jr.—and Nickerson has been a name prominent in Cape Cod history since 1656, when one William Nickerson left Plymouth Colony as a dissenter, moved to the

Cape Cod wilderness, and started the settlement that eventually became Chatham.

Today Willard, Jr., following his father and his grandfather, takes his living from the sea, selling his daily catch in his own store. When not fishing, he uses his other talents—ranging from carpentry to playing a saxophone—to earn his living.

This 38-year-old fisherman lives in a typical earth-hugging, gray-shingled Cape Cod house with his wife, Frances, and their three children, Willard III (Nick), 11, Phyllis,

8, and Barbara, 6. Theirs is a family with unity—working, playing, and worshipping together. All five attend the First Methodist Church of Chatham and participate in its religious and social activities.

A former director of Chatham's Chamber of Commerce, Willard, Jr., is intensely interested in civic improvements in his resort-fishing community. Frances shares his interest in church and village; she serves as a Sunday-school teacher and in other church posts, recently was vice-president of the Chatham PTA. Young



Protected by waders and sweaters against autumn's chill, Willard, Jr., and his father, right, carry a day's catch to the son's store. Average daily haul for two men: eight bushels.

Three generations of Willard Nickersons share an intimate fellowship as they prepare the morning's haul for market. When finished, they will have 90 pounds of tasty sea food.



Feeding the family's four ducks is Nick's responsibility. So is caring for 25 chickens—and gathering eggs.



The Nickerson house—a warm, congenial home.



Nick helps his father in the fish market and lends a helping hand on home chores. Soon he hopes to decide on his future occupation.

The sea for a time also called Willard's father, Willard, Sr., and his grandfather, Rufus. Willard, Sr., who helps his son occasionally, fished until 15 years ago when he joined his wife, Nina, in operating an inn Rufus established at a time when he was turning from the sea.

Actually, today's Nickerson family might not exist had it not been for the heroism of Alonzo I. Doane, another fisherman. For on March 19, 1891, Alonzo rescued 19-year-old Rufus from a capsized boat. Rufus' son, Willard, Sr., and Alonzo's daughter, Nina—neither then born—met years later and married. And it is their son, Willard, Jr., who heads the family we are introducing to you now.

In a family where music is always welcome, the fisherman-musician—he once formed a dance band—teaches his son to play the clarinet.



Like little girls the world over, Phyllis (top) and Barbara enjoy last-minute game before lights out.

Daughters watch in anticipation—and so does Pumpkin Face—as Frances prepares the evening meal of savory pizzas.



"A fine sermon," family tells Pastor Newman J. Le Shana. He calls them an "ideal Methodist-church family."



What's Ahead for Religion in Russia?



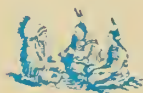
Like Mr. Parlin and Dr. Nall, (see below), Senator Humphrey is a Methodist, member of a Washington suburban church.

UNIQUE in modern diplomacy is the recent eight-hour chat Sen. Hubert Humphrey (Dem.-Minn.) had with Premier Nikita Khrushchev. The press has reported many phases of this historic interview, but it remained for David Lawrence, editor of U.S. News and World Report, to tell of Khrushchev's comments about religion. Lawrence reported:

SIGNIFICANTLY, the conversation touched on some matters in the category of philosophy and religion. It didn't occupy the two men as much as the many other subjects of current importance but may have been equally worth while. For actually this is the channel that has been clogged up.

Words of diplomacy and negotiation are meaningless unless they carry with them a trustfulness and sincerity that assure the fulfillment of pledges and agreements between governments.

Unless men who try to settle any international dispute can agree on what is right or wrong, what is moral or immoral, what is just or unjust, what is truly beneficial to millions of human beings, and what is likely to work to



MIDMONTH
POWWOW

Two more firsthand reports on religion in Russia, from a New York attorney and a minister-editor.

Q. Is it true that the Communists are stamping out religion in Russia?

PARLIN: They've certainly tried. Lenin repeatedly declared that "religion is the opiate of the people" and he and other early Communists tried to blot out the Church and all memories of it with anti-God campaigns, antireligious museums, and antichurch movements.

Q. Are Christians still persecuted in Russia?

PARLIN: No. The Communists learned you can't kill religion with persecution. Nikita Khrushchev has said that persecution of the Church was all a mistake. This doesn't mean a change of heart on the part of the Communists, but rather a change of tactics. They are willing to let the Church die on the vine. Most of the

antireligion exhibits I once saw have been dismantled.

Q. How effective is this campaign to wipe out religion?

NALL: It's a failure! No government program, even scientific atheism, can ever squeeze religion out of the lives of a whole people.

In a German newspaper recently was the report that the Communists have opened a University for Atheism in Ashkhabad. Each semester 60 lessons are given to explain to adherents of religion "patiently and in a friendly manner the antiscientific character of religion." Compare this with a service I attended in Moscow, where 2,000 worshipers crowded into a Baptist church built for 1,000.

PARLIN: There's no doubt that religion is alive in Russia. Wherever I

went, in great cities or small, whenever I passed a church I saw crowds.

Q. Is the number of churches increasing or decreasing?

PARLIN: Increasing. I saw old churches once used for grain storage and skating rinks returned to religious purposes.

I noticed some new chapels, too.

NALL: In Russia they told me there are six times as many churches as there were 20 years ago. But remember, even this number is only one-tenth what it was in 1917.

Q. Does the government support the Church financially?

NALL: No. The government owns all the churches but the people keep them up. All theological schools are financed by the people.

their detriment, there is little chance to dispose satisfactorily of any of the major problems that cause friction between countries.

With these things in mind, the writer talked with Senator Humphrey. Following is an excerpt from our recorded conversation:

Q. "Did you get into the religious phase—our belief in God and how so many people on our side have in mind this fundamental difference between our nations as being in the background of our difficulties?"

A. "Well, I commented on that, but primarily in terms of questions. I asked about anti-Semitism, for example, in the Soviet Union, and about the whole question of religious freedom there. Mr. Khrushchev denied the existence of anti-Semitism and said there was a degree of religious freedom—in other words, that people could go to their churches. Of course, I pointed out that there were very few of them to go to. He was not too responsive, I might say, to this.

"I told him that the physical well-being of man was conditioned by his spiritual well-being, and that one of the things that always disturbed us was the lack of spiritual emphasis.

"He, of course, responds to this sort of talk by saying that, in the Socialist or Communist countries, people identify their own individual welfare with the welfare of the state. May I put it this way: That you can have some opportunities to discuss these things but I doubt that it changes the minds of the leaders very much."

Q. "Well, you can never tell how much sinks in——"

A. "No, you can't. The fact is that the degree of discussion—the amount of time given to it—indicated that there was

some interest in what we were saying.

"One other thing: Mr. Khrushchev also told me a great deal about his parents and their religious feelings—that they were devout Christians and that he, himself, had been brought up in the Russian Orthodox faith. He demonstrated some knowledge of the Bible—so that, despite all of this odd, atheistic talk, I have a feeling that even Marxism does not fully eradicate the Christian spirit. I happen to feel that much of our activity—much of our program relating to the Soviet Union—needs to be put on this moral and spiritual basis."

The Minnesota senator, of course, drew certain conclusions from his talk with the Soviet premier. He gives the impression of hurt feelings. He thinks he should not be excluded from Western councils but should be treated as an equal.

This implies perhaps not exactly a feeling of inferiority but a resentment. Such an attitude is not unnatural with the leaders of governments that are relatively new, though it should not be surprising when a whole ideology contrary to what the rest of the world has hitherto followed is being espoused.

Mr. Humphrey also came away with the feeling that the areas of agreement at present are few. Certainly the episode indicates that, while summit conferences may have some good points for reasons of showmanship or propaganda, private talks without benefit of klieg lights and an observing army of newsmen are perhaps more useful.

Mr. Khrushchev welcomes such contacts and has had several with Americans. Informal contacts can indeed be fruitful—but again, only if there is some meeting of minds on what is right and wrong.

Q. Could this easing off by Khrushchev be a plan to make the Church a tool for the party?

PARLIN: That may be the dream in Khrushchev's mind, but I doubt that this strategy will succeed. My visit convinced me that the Russian Orthodox Church can hold its faithful and teach even within the limitations now imposed by the state.

Q. Are young people in Russia active in the church?

NALL: No. I questioned our young guides; most had never been inside a church in all their 20-odd years.

PARLIN: Remember, the state has taken over education, and church schools for children are prohibited.

Q. How about Sunday school?

PARLIN: There is no such training in the Russian church. As one Russian Baptist explained to me: "We find nothing in Holy Scriptures that tells us to have such organizations."

Q. How important is this omission?

NALL: This is the most sinister

aspect of Communist opposition. In 40 years of Communist domination, generations have grown up with no knowledge of the Church, no hint of what religious faith can do. Nevertheless, sensitive young people suspect that they are missing something.

Q. Then religious instruction is up to the parents?

PARLIN: Yes, though priests are

allowed to visit in the home to help with this instruction. But let me tell you of a Baptism ceremony I witnessed in a small village church near Moscow, where 72 babies had been brought to be baptized. The baptismistry was a one-room cabin behind the church, warm and steamy in contrast to the snow and cold outside.

The priest explained to the parents



Charles Parlin, left—prominent lawyer, Methodist layman;
T. Otto Nall, right—editor, New Christian Advocate.

Did We Go EXPECTING?



By **ROY L. SMITH**

A YOUNG preacher called on Charles H. Spurgeon, the great evangelist of a couple of generations ago, seeking suggestions on improving his ministry.

"Tell me about the sermon you preached last Sunday," the older man began the interview. The young man went through his sermon point by point.

"And no one was converted?" the famous preacher asked. "Tell me, did you really expect anything to happen?"

"No, sir," the young man replied, thinking himself humble.

"Then that's the explanation," the evangelist exclaimed. "You must expect great things to happen or they won't."

This advice is good for all of us. Certainly it is as good for the man in the pew as it is for the one in the pulpit.

A long-time churchgoer was complaining to a friend about the service at his church. "It was pretty dull," he said. "Our choir is ordinary, our preacher is tedious, and the whole gathering is listless. But then, I never expect anything to happen."

Because he never expected the choir to sing well he allowed his mind to wander and missed the time they sang gloriously. Because he expected his preacher to be tedious he spent the sermon period planning

his week's work and missed the best sermon preached in a month. Convinced the service was listless, he contributed little to the worship.

To get something out of a service every worshiper must contribute something to it. To discover interest one must be interested; to feel enthusiasm one must contribute enthusiasm.

The man who makes up his mind to enjoy the hour in the house of God will do so. He who listens for the sweetest voice in the choir and the finest passage in the anthem will hear them.

One person may think a preacher is not good, while another may go home with a warm glow of satisfaction.

Persons who expect to find something to criticize are rarely disappointed. And those who expect something heartening usually find it.

"Our preacher made seven mistakes in grammar this morning," said one woman. "But that was about what I expected."

She had expected him to make grammatical errors and she was not disappointed. Another person, listening to the same person, remarked, "I didn't notice them. I wasn't looking for them." Those attitudes explain the difference in the dividends.

Jesus put the matter simply: "Seek, and you will find."

about the history of the Church and the significance of Baptism and charged them to raise the children in faith. After the parents had vowed to do this, the priest anointed each baby with oil and immersed it three times in the large bowl of water.

Q. How does religious interest there compare with such interest in the U.S.?

NALL: Religion in Russia is intensely personal, including personal evangelism. As one Evangelical pastor in Moscow confided to me: "We do not hold evangelistic meetings, or classes, or visitation campaigns. We attract people through the testimony our members give by their own living. When anyone is converted, he brings along someone to testify to the quality of his character. And he must wait a year before he is admitted."

Q. Did you see any Methodists in Russia?

NALL: No. The Methodists once had a small work in Russia but they joined in the Evangelical-Christian-Baptist Church in 1944.

Q. How does the Communist Party compare in size with church membership?

NALL: No contest. Against 7 million Communist Party members there are more than 30 million church members. Most are Russian Orthodox [see *America's Fourth Faith*, July, 1958, page 40], and half a million are Evangelical-Christians.

Q. Does the Russian Orthodox Church serve the Communist state in any way?

NALL: The great old Russian church is being sorely tempted to become the agent of the state. Any relaxation in Communist opposition may be laid to an unholy effort to harness and drive the Church.

PARLIN: It serves the Communist state in many ways. But, for me, this is not in itself a basis for condemning a church. Methodism supports our American state in many ways, too. On this issue of atheism the Church does not support the state or party in Russia. There is no compromise by the Church. As I talked to Church leaders, and looked into their faces, I knew I was dealing with men prepared to suffer martyrdom, if necessary, for the Christ they seek to serve.

Our Preachers:

They Like a Chuckle, Too!

SO MUCH of their work is serious that preachers sometimes may seem to be men of one mood. But how wrong that notion is! Preachers enjoy a joke as much as the next fellow—especially if it's one on them.

Take, for example, the Rev. Charles A. Jackson, Jr., a Methodist pastor in Brunswick, Ga. A few years ago he came upon the book, *Campus Zoo* (Doubleday, \$1), one of a popular "zoo" series by Clare Barnes, Jr. Taking his cue from the author, he wrote his own captions for the book's animal pictures as a parody on Annual Conferences. They were so well received by his fellow pastors that last year, while minister at the host church, he exhibited them at a real Conference.

On these pages are some of the best rib-ticklers—sharp, perhaps, but always good-natured—as adapted from Mr. Jackson's tongue-in-cheek view of his own profession.



"That's my pastor right over there. Yoo hoo!"



*"So that's it! Well, look at it this way:
a new church, a new opportunity."*



"I can't imagine where they are. They said they'd meet us out front here right after the benediction."

They Like a
Chuckle, Too!
 continued

*"Besides, my husband
 preaches better sermons
 than he ever will."*



*"It's a deal. I'll take
 him in my district if you'll
 take Smith off my hands."*



"Well, a professor at my seminary likes clerical collars."

*"But, Bishop, you don't understand.
 He's teaching our children to square dance!"*





"Why, when I was a preacher your age. . ."



"Yes sir, Bishop, did you send for me?"



"Now just a minute. I was practically promised that I'd get the First Church appointment."



"This is my oldest son. He's going to be a preacher, too—aren't you, boy?"

Mothers with young children may find their best money-making careers right at home—where expenses are small and rewards big, both to them and their families.

Cake Is to Eat

By MARGARET ANDERSON

A Together in the  Feature

“MMMM! This is good.” Olive Meili’s guest appreciatively took her second bite of cake. “New recipe?”

“Yes, it’s part of some baking I do for General Mills,” Olive smiled. “I’m one of the women who test recipes for them at home. They pay me for making the recipe. Then, after I’ve given a sample and a report to their testing lab, I have the rest to serve at home.”

“Good deal,” the guest responded. “You can really have your cake and eat it too.”

She was right—in more ways than one. For Olive Meili wouldn’t want to leave her children for a job away from home.

There are times, of course, when mothers must work. But while those who work away from home may have their cake, they can’t eat it. They forfeit cherished moments with their children. After-work household duties leave little time for family companionship, church worship, community activities. Meals often become health-damaging pickup affairs. Youngsters who always find Mother gone—or too tired to give the love, attention, and discipline they need—are likely to become problems of society. And husbands can feel neglected, too.

“But I don’t live near General Mills,” you may be objecting.

Don’t let that stop you. Many other jobs can be done at home, some far more lucrative than occasional recipe testing. To decide what your

best “stay-with-the-children” career should be, take inventory of your needs, aptitudes, and training.

If you did bookkeeping or accounting before you were married, you may want to do what Mrs. Bertil Estlund did. When her three youngsters were small, this Minneapolis homemaker sent letters to 10 accounting firms asking if they had work she could do at home. Two responded and she chose the one with an office near her husband’s work so he could pick up and deliver assignments.

When this firm sold out, Mrs. Estlund bought the business. Now, in busy seasons, she even has work for some of her friends.

“When the children were little I worked while they napped or after they’d been put to bed at night,” Mrs. Estlund recalls. “Now I work while they’re in school. I’m home to fix a hot lunch for them and here when they come home from school. This means a lot to all of us.”

A Nebraska author’s wife, Mrs. Wayne Lee, types manuscripts for her husband’s writer friends. Authors pay her an average of 50 cents for 1,000 words. If you have a typewriter, you need only a small capital investment for this work—paper, carbon, erasers, and a good dictionary. And there are no expenses for office clothes or transportation.

Some cities have typing or secretarial services using homemaker-typists. Or a typist can advertise in newspapers or national writers’

magazines. Similarly, an ad in a college newspaper may bring term papers and theses to type.

Mrs. O. E. Brunelle, a preacher’s widow, types college textbooks for a Minneapolis publisher.

“My five children were small when my husband died,” she says. “It was a particularly severe blow to the three-year-old, and one day when I was putting on my hat and coat to apply for a job she asked me very seriously, ‘You won’t ever go and never come back, will you?’ That settled it. I decided I had to work at home.”

The publishing firm provides the electric typewriter, paper, and supplies. Her job is to turn out typed pages that can be photographed for offset printing. She earns considerably more per hour than the average typist.

Then there is Vivian Ardell of Osage City, Kans. When her husband’s death left her with four youngsters to support, she gave piano lessons at home until her children started school. Then she went back to public-school teaching, which she had done before her marriage.

Mrs. W. H. Root’s “glamour aprons” have been so successful that now this Ames, Iowa, woman’s work is sold by some of the country’s best-known department stores. But she cautions that the handwork market is crowded. To enter it, you need a really fresh idea.

Money saved is literally money



getting along Together

Three young men, arguing heatedly about the merits of their respective churches, turned to a white-haired old-timer, and asked, "What's your denomination, Mr. Crawford?"

"Well, boys," he answered slowly, "somehow it seems to go sorta like this: There's three roads to the city—the long road, the short road, and the road through the swamp—but when I get to town with my load of corn the man doesn't say, 'Mr. Crawford, which road you come by?' But instead he asks, 'Mr. Crawford, how good is your corn?'"

—MRS. ANNA ZACHARIAS, *Edgerton, Wis.*

earned for photographer's wife Mrs. Dwight Barnes. When the Barneses bought their studio in Cokato, Minn., she learned to color portraits in oils—and now she does all the studio's coloring.

As for the Carl Linds of Minneapolis, rent is a thing of the past. Mrs. Lind vacuums stair and corridor carpeting and collects rents in the apartment building where they live; Mr. Lind sweeps or shovels the sidewalk. Result: they get their own apartment rent free.

When Mrs. Marcia Freerksen of Ventura, Calif., found herself a widow with four children to support, she was sure she had no talents. Then a friend remarked, "Being a mother is a big talent; why don't you start a day nursery?"

A sign in front of her home and another in a store brought her 10 tots whose mothers work away from home. "My job," Mrs. Freerksen says, "is to be a loving mother to them during the day."

In the same vein, Mrs. Kathryn Roberts of Minneapolis acts as a foster mother to mentally retarded or physically handicapped youngsters who are placed in her care by the welfare board. She cares for these young charges along with her own youngsters.

Incidentally, payment for foster-child care varies, state by state. So do qualifications required of foster parents. For data, contact your local welfare board.

Free-lance writing is another way of earning money at home. However, writing requires skill and study—and fees are uncertain. For women who want to write there are college and university writing courses available though, and writers' magazines provide marketing tips.

There are many other kinds of stay-at-home work for women with imagination and determination enough to find them. But be careful! You should consider the reputation of the organizations for which you will work at home as thoroughly as you would that of a full-time employer. Don't be taken in by promises of rich rewards for easy work. You'll find that an at-home job is just as hard as one in an office or factory. In some respects it's harder, for you must close your eyes to home tasks that you know need doing and concentrate on earning those dollars—and this amid constant interruptions by the doorbell, the phone, and the children.

On the other hand, beware of becoming so wrapped up in your job that you're virtually as unavailable as if you were working downtown. You can easily become too busy for housework, church, neighbors, friends—and even your family, even though you do work at home.

And if you do, you'll lose the greatest benefit of working at home. You'll no longer have your cake and eat it, too. And this will be a pity, for cake is to eat.

My house guest, a charming, dark-skinned beauty and college friend from the West Indies, sat beside me on a train. Across from us a chubby little boy about four stared several minutes, then burst out, "I never saw such a black lady!"

His mother apologized but my guest smiled at the boy and said, "Do you want to hear a story? Come over and I will tell you one. I live in a country that is very hot," she went on, "and sometimes I also have to visit places where the sun would burn my hands and face."

The four-year-old broke in, "I got sunburned on the beach last year. I got all red and sick, too. See my freckles?"

"Well," said my friend, "I don't have freckles like you. God saw to that. He took his big paint brush one day and found the nicest color of black he could find, and painted all our skins. Now we can live in the hot countries and enjoy the sunshine. What's more, we are all very, very happy."

Commuters sat enchanted as the little boy listened, eyes shining, to his first lesson in the brotherhood of man.

—Pauline V. Sutherland, *Port Washington, N. Y.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.

A FAITH to live by

By GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, of The Methodist Church

WHENEVER the bishops of The Methodist Church agree wholeheartedly and unreluctantly on anything, that is noteworthy. In the 10 years I have been in the Council of Bishops, I cannot remember any subject on which there was more enthusiastic unanimity than marked our adoption of the spring, 1958 *Message*. And, to make the matter even more astounding, the main subject had to do with theology!

We were agreed that a vast amount of contemporary Christian thinking is gloomy, defeatist, and has a corrosive influence on human responsibility and effort. We decided that Methodism never has—and, by God's grace, never will—become a part of this interpretation of the gospel. We agreed that the children of John Wesley had something to say to this condition and we ought to say it.

What I want to do here is bear a strictly personal witness to what one Methodist believes about God's good news in Christ. My Christian experience has led me from fundamentalism to liberalism, through neo-orthodoxy, and home again to what, for want of a better term, I shall call "Wesleyanism." It has been an exciting and inspiring journey. At every stage of the road, unsearchable riches were committed to me. I feel like that scribe Jesus compared with "a householder who brings out of his treasure what is new and what is old" (Matthew 13:52).

Anyone who leaves the quiet world of an unexamined, inherited faith and plunges into the rough arena of

critical scholarship learns that change nearly always is painful. But when a man's faith is subjected to the most careful scrutiny, and he dares face every theological proposition with complete candor, he enters the realm of freedom. When the nonessentials are revealed as such, the great affirmations of Christianity shine ever brighter and brighter in their own light. A man learns that whatever is true is of God, and he need never again fear that anything can separate him from the power of his faith.

Yet this liberalism sometimes so exalted reason that mystery was denied. We tended to limit God and his revelation to our own intellectual grasp, and our religion became too much a human striving. Our liberalism, at times, became shallow, proud, and blindly optimistic.

I was in my second pastorate when what is generally referred to as neo-orthodoxy began to be popular. Of course, Barth, the Swiss pastor and theologian, had been influential in certain circles for some time, but he never had reached me except as representing another school of quaint exaggeration so characteristic of German theology. Kierkegaard, the Danish scholar, was better, for he had flashes of insight and a penetration of thought that made some of my easy assumptions appear ridiculous. I long had been an admirer of Reinhold Niebuhr, the American theologian, and his writing stimulated my mind and fed my spirit.

Neo-orthodoxy, with these men having showed the way, re-empha-

sizes the doctrine of God's *transcendence*, man's sin, and justification by faith. The liberal, by contrast, stresses God's *immanence* along with man's goodness and his chance for gradual improvement.

I took to neo-orthodoxy like Methodists take to organization. It spoke to my condition with its criticism of human organizations and of our attempts to bring in the Kingdom with reform movements and political pressures. I reveled in its paradoxes and its obscurities. I was pleased that consistency did not seem to be an essential. Above all, it rescued me from the tranquilizing theory of inevitable, evolutionary progress, and restored the sense of God's majesty. If people did not always understand my exposition of biblical theology, so much the worse for them. I did not always understand it myself.

But as the years went by, and the church gave me administrative duties and responsibility for Christian programs, I grew weary of the neo-orthodox jargon. My ardor was cooled by the tendency of so many of the brethren to state extreme positions in order to be noticed. A professor of mine once commented that his definition of a good religious educator was a fellow who had had a bad case of John Dewey and gotten over it. I felt—and indeed, I now feel—somewhat the same way about neo-orthodoxy. As Albert Schweitzer once said, nobody gets a great idea without carrying it too far.

I must confess, however, that when I am with the neo-orthodox men and

MESSAGE *from the Council of Bishops*



Twice a year the ministers who serve The Methodist Church as bishops [see What Is a Methodist Bishop? March, 1958, page 13] assemble as the Council of Bishops. Occasionally they present conclusions in a formal "Message" to the church. They did so last year, as was reported in Together. Continuing expressions of interest led us to ask Bishop Kennedy to comment on that statement. Pertinent portions are given below.—Eds.

THEOLOGICALLY, we discuss the theme, "Jesus Christ, the hope of the world," but many seem to have lost hope. The teachings of Jesus are called "perfectionist ethics," and the prayer of Jesus, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is declared by prominent theologians to be unrealistic in history.

Defeatism, with consequent loss of power, follows in the train of theologians who center attention upon "the end of history," "the depravity of man," and "the second coming."

Our forefathers electrified the world when they drafted the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. These were affirmative and creative documents, not negative and apologetic declarations. "All men are created equal . . . endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights . . . Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

The preamble of the Constitution proudly proclaimed, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. . . ."

The peoples of the world listened and acted. Many nations drew up similar documents. We led the world in its quest for democracy, and demonstrated within our own boundaries the workability of the democratic faith. Liberty lifted her "lamp beside the golden door," and millions from many lands crossed the seas to find haven. We were unafraid. The immigrant left feudalism and despotism behind him and entered a free land. Security lay in our principles and in our practices.

John Wesley was not a man to underestimate the sinfulness of man, but he knew man could be redeemed. Now, however, a strange theology has been infiltrating our thought. It results in passive and patient acceptance of injustice and of exploitation, and calls upon man to await God's good time, and this becomes a tool of reaction and a suffocating miasma. Its proponents appear to forget that man is to be a co-worker with God and, together, bring peace to warring humanity, justice to exploited humanity, brotherhood to segregated humanity.

Neo-orthodoxy is neither new nor orthodox. Methodism needs a neo-Wesleyanism. "The personal knowledge of the love of God and of its transforming power in human life is the creative source of Methodism. The Gospel which historic Methodism proclaimed was the Gospel of Salvation from sin; and salvation meant not only forgiveness of past sins, but a new relationship which brings the assurance of final victory over everything that comes between man and God."

Many influential theologians of our day are men who have been conditioned by the tragedy of war. They have dug themselves out of the rubble of the cities that were bombed and burned. They have fastened their understandable pessimism upon their theology. They have moved from the ruins of a devastated Europe to the libraries of the theological schools, but they have carried defeatism into those sacred precincts.

The Christian faith holds that love conquers, that hearts can be strangely warmed, that both new men and a new society are possible here and now.

It is thus that Jesus comes. It is thus that the Holy Spirit works.

the air is full of their words and terms, I decide I am still more of a liberal than I realized. Yet when I am with the liberals and hear much of action and little of being, my old orthodox enthusiasm reasserts itself in unmistakable ways.

Reflected in all of this development is the experience of one whose Christianity is rooted deeply in the tradition of John Wesley. While it is not true that Methodism has been primarily a theological movement, there are more theological affirmations undergirding us than some have recognized. I even have noticed a growing tendency in Methodist seminaries to study Wesley as a theologian. Like Paul, he was primarily a missionary dealing with the problems of his mission. And like Paul, the springs of all his activity were convictions about God, Christ, and men.

Wesley never was accused of heresy, and he never rebelled against the theology of the Church of England. His conflict with it was primarily over methods. He did not believe in either an orthodox or a heretical way of getting the gospel to the people. Whatever produced results, he would try. He was not always happy in his field preaching, for example, but if the churches were closed to him and the people would assemble in the fields, then he would preach to them, not as he would but as he could. To the end of his days he was critical of preachers who substituted noise for sense, and of emotionalism.

The cold intellectualism of deism was not for him. He sought until he

found the experience of religion. When he felt his heart strangely warmed, he discovered the reality of the Protestant doctrine of salvation by faith. But for him, it was not so much a doctrine as it was a living knowledge which filled his heart with joy and his life with victory. He believed that for the problems of life, God had provided an answer in Christ. Thereafter, he regarded no man's situation as hopeless. His authority was Scripture, and experience.

There was nothing sentimental about this religion of Wesley's. It dealt with the worst in society, and it faced the terrifying reality of sin. If it tended at times to be too individualistic, it never could escape the belief that the Bible taught little about solitary religion. It showed a concern for the physical life of the poor, and it expected to see cleanliness and sobriety as the marks of conversion. From the beginning, it preached concern for the disinherited, and demanded contributions from individuals for social betterment. It was remarkably free of narrow, sectarian emphasis, as Wesley affirmed in writing the words quoted on *TOGETHER's* contents page. Another time, he said: "I will not quarrel with you about any opinion. Only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love the Lord, Jesus Christ; that you love your neighbor, and walk as your Master walked; and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions. . . ."

The only real theological controversy in our Methodist history was with Calvinism. The doctrine of predestination—that man's destiny is predetermined by God—was not acceptable to Wesley. He attacked it with both serious argument and satire. He would not gladly suffer this opinion, for he was committed to the five propositions associated with the 18th-century evangelical revival:

1. All men need this life.
2. All men have this life.
3. All men who have this life know they have it.
4. All men must witness to its possession.
5. All men must press on to perfection.

American Methodism in the early days fought a battle on two fronts. It was in conflict with the Baptists over the doctrine that immersion is the only valid form of baptism, and

it also was involved with the Presbyterians over the issue of Calvinism. All concerned groups since have softened the hard lines of their differences, and—except for little pockets of 19th-century thinking still to be found here and there in all denominations—the bitterness is long forgotten. I mention it only to point out that there seems to have been an almost congenial antipathy on the part of Methodists toward Calvinism. Essentially, the neo-orthodox revival has been a resurrection of Calvinism.

As Wesley was a mediator between Luther and Calvin, so his experience of the "heart strangely warmed" is a judgment on secular optimism and the answer to theological despair. In a word, we as Methodists have four great beliefs to live by. Here, I believe, we stand:

1. *We are engaged in a hard fight.* Sin forever corrupts all our efforts. The silly theories of salvation through our own cleverness, or the belief that evolution automatically will lead us to perfection, are in the same category as the Cinderella tale. We are not going to be saved by General Motors or legislation or bombs or cash. When a man cracks the veneer of his own hypocrisy and looks into his own heart, he knows he is facing something terrifying in its malignancy and power.

"For we are not contending against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against

A religion that is small enough
for our understanding would
not be large enough for our
needs.—Arthur Balfour

the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Ephesians 6:12).

2. *We cannot win this fight alone.* It is a strange thing that there is no hope for us until we are hopeless concerning human resources and power. As long as we think that one more reform, one more war, or the slaughter of a few more enemies will do the

trick, we are doomed and damned. This pride in human adequacy is rightly attacked by theologians. We must have our false confidence shattered—and the events of the last few years seem to have taken care of that fairly well. The man who has grace enough to compare his pretenses with his accomplishments surely will be driven to despair. But even then he cannot escape the sense of personal responsibility.

3. *God has promised us the ultimate victory through Christ.* Mark you, he does not promise us that we will win every battle. He does not agree to set us free from tension and place us in a spiritual rest home. But he does promise us strength to live by, and the assurance that our struggle makes sense. He makes us sure that the world is built on moral foundations, and that it is held in his hands. He is able to deal with men and the world, even the complicated, hydrogen-bomb, outer-space exploration situation we face. Beyond nations and civilizations, there is God who will have the final word. In the meantime, nothing can separate us from this assurance. This gives life zest; for, as Winston Churchill said, "Nothing in life is so exhilarating as to be shot at without result."

4. *We can experience the joy and power of victory now.* We are not left merely to bemoan our fate until God, in some future time, decides to cast down the wicked and lift up the righteous. We cannot do it without him, but he will not do it without us. As we plunge into the battle, we feel the fierce joy of conflict and the sense of unlimited resources for the struggle. Facing the entrenched evil of society and the betrayal within our own hearts, we are not at ease—but we no longer are afraid. We know the dignity of being enlisted in the struggle, with mighty issues hanging in the balance. God brings us to moments of supreme happiness, when we reach what we thought was our breaking point and find him able to keep us from falling.

As Methodists, we believe that in Christ there is an answer to all our problems. If the shout of triumph goes out of our preaching, our witnessing, our living, then we have lost the way. This is the good conviction the Council of Bishops voiced in its 1958 *Message*.

Twenty Minutes of Reality

By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

IT HAPPENED to me on a day when my bed was first pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital. I was recovering from an operation. I had undergone physical pain and had suffered for a short time the most acute mental depression I have ever encountered. Somewhere down under the anesthetic, I seemed to have discovered a terrible secret: that there was no God; or, if there was one, he was indifferent to all human suffering.

The acuteness of that depression had faded and only a scar of fear was left when my bed was wheeled out to the porch. It was an ordinary cloudy March day, almost a dingy

day. The branches were bare and colorless, and the half-melted piles of snow were a forlorn gray. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees. Here, in this everyday setting, and entirely unexpectedly, my eyes were opened and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality.

I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was, or whether it came suddenly or gradually. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light—in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful, beyond any words of mine

The half-melted piles of snow were a forlorn gray. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees.



to describe, is the whole of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I imagined all existence to be beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I saw the actual loveliness which is always there; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful and extravagantly important. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful beyond all belief is a woman's hair. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a nearby branch, and I honestly believe that only "the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy" can express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I cannot express it, but I have seen it.

Once out of all the gray days of my life I have looked into the heart of reality; I have witnessed the truth; I have seen life as it really is—ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy and a value unspeakable.

Besides all the joy and beauty, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly.

Then the extraordinary importance of everything! It seemed as though before my very eyes I actually beheld the truth of Christ's saying that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in heaven. Yet what the importance was, I did not grasp. If my heart could have seen just a little further I should have understood. Even now the tips of my thoughts are forever on the verge of grasping it, forever just missing it. It was perhaps as though that great value in every living thing were not so much here and now in ourselves as somewhere else. There is a significance in every created thing, but the significance

is beyond our present grasp. Milton has said: . . . *What if earth be but the shadow of Heaven.* . . .

What if here we are only symbols of ourselves, and our real being is somewhere else—perhaps in the heart of God? Certainly that unspeakable importance had to do with our relationship to the great Whole; but what the relationship was I could not tell. Was it a relationship of love toward us? For those fleeting, lovely moments I did indeed love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more: of myself I was hardly conscious, while with my neighbor in every form, from wind-tossed branches and little sparrows flying, up to human beings, I was madly in love. Is it likely that I could have experienced such love if there were not some such emotion at the heart of Reality?

My experience was, I think, a sort of accidental clearing of the vision by the rebirth of returning health. Perhaps this is the way in which we should all view life if we were born into it grown-up. As it is, when we first arrive we are so engaged in the tremendous business of cutting teeth and taking steps that we have no time for outside wonders; and by the time we have the leisure for admiration, life has lost its freshness. Convalescence is a grown-up rebirth, enabling us to see life with a fresh eye.

Though there was nothing exactly religious in what I saw, the accounts given by people who have passed through religious conversion or illumination come nearer to describing my emotions than anything else.

READER'S CHOICE

Mrs. Carl Stroh of Parker, Colo., was first to suggest that we share *Twenty Minutes of Reality*—which originally appeared in 1916 in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

What is your favorite article or story? Send us title, author, and place and date of publication. If it becomes a *Reader's Choice*, and you are first to propose it, we will send you \$25.—EDS.

Doubtless almost any intense emotion may open our "inward eye" to the beauty of reality. Falling in love appears to do it for some people. The beauties of nature or the exhilaration of artistic creation does it for others. Poets are not imagining

—as the average mind believes and as I think I always believed—the extravagant beauty of which they sing. They are telling us of the truth that is there and that they are occasionally enabled to see. Probably any high experience may momentarily stretch our souls so that we catch a glimpse of that marvelous beauty which is always there, but which we are not often tall enough to perceive. Emerson says, "We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision."

In what I saw there was nothing seemingly of an ethical nature. There were no rules of conduct revealed. Indeed, it seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an overanxious morality. Perhaps at such times of illumination there is no need to worry over sin, for one is so transported by the beauty of humanity, and so poured out in love toward every human being, that sin becomes almost impossible.

Perhaps some day again the gray veil of unreality will be swirled aside; once more I shall see into Reality. The veil was very thin in my garden one day last summer. The wind was blowing there and I knew that all that wild young ecstasy at the heart of life was rioting with it through the tossing larkspurs and rose-pink Canterbury bells, and bowing with the foxgloves; only I just could not see it. But it is there—it is always there, forever piping to us, and we are forever failing to dance. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extravagant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that are always there.

This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. And even if there were no other life, this life here and now, if we could but open our dull eyes to see it, is lovely enough to require no far-off heaven for its justification. Heaven is here and now, before our very eyes, surging up to our very feet, lapping against our hearts; but we, alas, know not how to let it in!



Twenty centuries of Christian faith are symbolized as the players pause at the Sermon-on-the-Mount setting and with

hands clasped, as in ancient days, ask for God's blessing upon the hundreds of spectators massed behind the curtain.

Families in a mid-American city reverently re-enact

Christ's Last Days on Earth

IN THE RICH black-loam prairie of mid-America spreads Illinois. And in its city of Bloomington, business and professional men, their wives and their children, pause at the Lenten season to re-enact the story of Jesus the Christ.

The American Passion Play, they call it, and it does have indigenous qualities. A Bloomingtonian, the late D. D. Darrah, wrote it. And running deep in the heritage of the people who take the roles are memories of Abraham Lincoln and the Methodist itinerant Peter Cartwright... and of the haunting hymns of camp meetings. But, like all Passion plays, this one has roots running back to medieval Europe where miracle and morality dramas told New Testament stories to multitudes who could neither read nor write.

Bloomington's Passion Play was started in 1924 by the

Behind scenes...a few deft strokes from Caiaphas add a realistic touch to a fellow actor's make-up.





Palm Sunday...*"Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord!"...And when he entered Jerusalem, all the city was stirred, saying, "Who is this?" And the crowds said, "This is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth of Galilee."*

Scottish Rite, a Masonic body, and is presented in its temple. "Profits" go to a Masonic children's home. Annually 250 townsfolk relive the jubilation, the numb horror, the eternal joy of the first Easter. Many denominations are represented in the cast—which includes three score Methodists. The insurance man who has portrayed The Christ since 1933 is Harold D. Walters, a

Methodist minister who gave up pastoral work because of ill health.

Director Louis L. Williams made special arrangements for TOGETHER's photographer at last year's presentation so that these pages could present, in living color, the reverent interpretation by the Bloomington townspeople of the "sweetest story ever told."



Last Supper... And as they were eating, he said, "Truly, I say to you, one of you will betray me."



Betrayal... Now the betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "The one I shall kiss is the man; seize him." And he came up to Jesus at once and said, "Hail Master!" And he kissed him.

Sandhedrin... Then those who had seized Jesus led him to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders had gathered.







Before Herod...So he questioned him at some length; but he made no answer. The chief priests and the scribes stood by, vehemently accusing him. And Herod with his soldiers treated him with contempt and mocked him.

Way of the Cross...So they took Jesus...bearing his own cross, to the place called...Golgotha....As they were marching out, they came upon a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; this man they compelled to carry his cross.





Crown of Thorns...And they stripped him and put a scarlet robe upon him, and plaiting a crown of thorns they put it on his head, and put a reed in his right hand. And kneeling before him they mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!"



Crucifixion... While the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" And having said this he breathed his last.



Ascension... "And lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

A New Team:

MEDICINE

and FAITH

By H. N. FERGUSON

STANLEY Wisniewski, Jr., holds membership in a select fraternity. He is one of the few persons who has died and then been returned to life. At 24, following service as a naval officer, Wisniewski began working as a laboratory technician at Chicago's Lutheran Deaconess Hospital. On the afternoon of December 17, 1954, he was developing some X-ray film in the darkroom. Suddenly he collapsed. Stethoscopic examination showed his heart had stopped beating. He was dead. But a hastily summoned surgeon, with a pocket knife, opened up the chest cavity. For 2½ hours, a team of doctors massaged the heart and applied drugs. At last they were rewarded; the heart began to beat regularly again.

To most this sounds like a miracle. And perhaps it was. But the unusual feature of the incident was that during those dramatic hours, everyone in the room—technicians, nurses, doctors—was praying.

That the religious aspect of this operation was reported in the usually clinical pages of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* points up a trend increasingly prominent in the nation's hospitals today—the teaming of medicine and faith.

The hospital, of course, always has been a common meeting ground for physicians and clergymen. However, ministers often have regarded doctors as hard to approach on professional matters, while doctors sometimes have had good reason for steering clear of some gentlemen of the cloth.



While the team of doctors struggled to revive the "dead" man, everyone in the room prayed. Then—almost miraculously—success!

A hundred years or so ago, when anesthesia was being introduced, some religious fanatics vigorously opposed it on the basis of a declaration in Genesis: "... in pain you shall bring forth children." Fortunately, anesthesia's backers also had studied the Bible and were able to counter with their own interpretation, also from Genesis: "So the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man [Adam], and while he slept took one of his ribs and closed up its place with flesh."

Such minor differences of opinion between clergymen and medical men usually have been short-lived. Still, close rapport seldom has been established between them as they minister to the ill.

Today, however, doctors and ministers are beginning to converse on a professional level. This revolution actually had its beginning back in 1922, when Anton Boisen, a Congregational minister in Massachusetts, became mentally ill and was confined to Worcester State Hospital. One day he asked to see the chaplain and found there was none. He asked to see one of the local pastors, but they either shied away from him or were all thumbs as they tried to minister in the hospital setting. Apparently they

thought of mental patients as sub-human, incapable of engaging in meaningful conversation. They either preached at them or prayed over them.

Boisen had plenty of time to ponder the opportunities for service a hospital minister would have. When he was released in 1924, he proposed to the superintendent that a full-time chaplain be installed. Offered the job, Boisen immediately accepted. His first step was to set up a clinical-training center in the hospital, where theological students worked with mental patients—and also gained a better understanding of normal people.

Word of Boisen's pioneering efforts spread quickly. Soon similar programs were started in other institutions. At last count, over 10,000 clergymen had taken postgraduate courses in mental and general hospitals. Some 30 hospitals have opened their doors to these "pastoral interns." Significantly, 1,200 of 7,000 U.S. hospitals have a religious affiliation, and a large proportion of the remainder provide for ministering to patients' spiritual needs.

On university campuses, too, there is awakening interest in linking medicine and faith. The University of

Chicago set a precedent in 1956 by appointing Granger Westberg, a former hospital chaplain, as associate professor of religion and health, to serve on both the theological and medical faculties.

But one of the most unusual undertakings is found in Houston, where Texas Medical Center not only has initiated a program for training ministerial students, but also offers courses in religion for medical students to help them learn about resources the church can offer to aid them in their practice.

THIS Institute of Religion, unique in America, was established at the medical center less than five years ago. It has effected a joint venture of pastor and physician in a pioneering program whereby men of religion work hand-in-hand with men of science to heal a patient.

"The Institute," says Dr. W. Kenneth Pope, pastor of Houston's First Methodist Church, "is a recognition of reality." What does one say to a man hurt so badly that drugs can't stop the pain? Or to an injured child, crippled permanently? How can you tell a wife that the husband she loves is dead? Sugared platitudes won't do.

Hospital chaplains need solid answers. They will be faced with each of these situations—and others equally tragic—again and again. Likewise, ministers serving pastorates are cast regularly in the role of bad-news bearer. Preparing young divinity students for such circumstances is one of the important purposes of the Institute.

Proof of widespread interest in the venture is the fact that it has drawn applications from all over the U.S., from England, and from New Zealand. In its first 2½ years, the Institute trained 538 professional people: 47 graduate divinity students, 118 medical students, 315 nurses, and 58 practicing ministers. Says Dr. C. L. King, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Houston: "I predict that this clinical program soon will become a requirement in any student's training for the ministry."

The course is anything but a snap. In the morning each student discusses his cases with other "chaplain interns" in a two-hour seminar,

observes an operation, or listens to lectures by doctors or psychiatrists. He spends the next four or five hours making calls on hospital patients. Later, he writes a report on what occurred at each interview and how he handled each problem. This report is checked by a professor, who evaluates it and makes suggestions.

At night, the chaplain intern may study or perhaps be on duty. Students made more than 20,000 visits to patients last year. In addition, they conducted family counseling on an outpatient basis.

Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis have become interested. One rabbi, Dr. Hyman Judah Schachtel of Houston's Congregation Beth Israel, says: "I have often been called upon to help overcome that peculiar spiritual lethargy which frequently overwhelms patients following surgery. It doesn't make much difference whether that patient happens to be a religious individual or an atheist; in a period of depression there is a great need for friendship, for sympathy, for a word properly spoken. The Institute of Religion is achieving remarkable results in the way it is bringing doctors and clergymen together in a unified effort to help the sick become well."

Rabbi Schachtel recalls one recent morning when a doctor friend called him about a woman patient. "I have done all I can," reported the physician. "God was with me in the operating room; you now must bring God into the patient's room."

The rabbi visited the patient several times. She was depressed almost beyond caring. But one morning as he entered her room she surprised him by saying: "I am going home to California this afternoon. Thanks to the doctor and to the Supreme Physician to whom we have prayed, I am going to be well."

Clinically trained clergymen are accustomed to working with people of all denominations. They have no interest in proselytizing. The institute makes no attempt to cram doctrine down any patient's throat in the hope he will say "Amen" instead of "Ah." It keeps no statistics on how many persons are brought into the religious fold.

But how has this clinical approach to theology affected physicians?

For one thing, doctors know that

an Institute-trained clergyman has learned to talk to individuals from every walk of life and every shade of religious belief or disbelief. Such training makes him shockproof yet understanding—important for someone who must be prepared to face every conceivable tragedy. And a clergyman with this training makes a perfect partner for the man of medicine.

As old inhibitions and prejudices break down, it is likely that doctor-preacher teamwork such as is stressed at the Institute will come to be standard procedure. The trend is to consider team treatment of the whole person—physically, mentally, and spiritually—not simply remedying a physical ailment. Ministers will feel free to apply their faith in hospital rooms; doctors no longer will fear loss of status by collaborating with those who take prayer seriously.

The new pattern was clearly outlined in 1955 by Dr. Elmer Hess as he assumed presidency of the American Medical Association. "We must be trained," he declared, "to take into the sickroom more than our scientific skill. We must allay fear, inspire confidence, and strengthen the patient's determination to get well. Unless we are willing to give of ourselves and our faith, our science will avail us little. It matters not whether you are a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jew, just as long as you believe in a power greater than all the instruments of science at your command."

IN the years immediately ahead, great strides are foreseen in this working relationship between faith and medicine. Already medical societies and ministerial associations are meeting together for fellowship and discussion. Some are arranging half-day study and observation seminars in local hospitals.

During the next 25 years we are going to hear much about those resources of faith which effect the healing processes. But to say that this is the main goal of such collaboration is only half the truth. For at the same time there is the hope that such cooperation will give to the patient a new concept of the meaning of faith in his daily life.

That well may be the most important dividend of all.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Dr. Barbour's reply will help this teen-ager solve his big problem.

Q *My brother is my trouble. I'm 14. He's 17. He has more girls than I'll ever have. He plays football, but I'm too small. Am I getting an inferiority complex?—C.K.*

A Remember you are younger. Don't compare yourself with him but with boys your own age. Find your special talents. Then build on them. You needn't feel inferior.

Q *There are three teen-age girls in my family. We're the same size. Our income is not big. Dad thinks we should share each other's clothes. My mother tries to sew for us, but she can't keep up. Must we share?—V.S.*

A Yes. Also you might help your mother with the sewing.

Q *I'd like to go steady with a new girl. She's willing, but her present boy friend says if she drops him he'll tell lies about her and smear her reputation. Should I beat him up?—D.D.*

A No. A fight would make matters worse. One of the bad things about going steady is the trouble which comes when you break up. If the boy tries to smear her he'll hurt himself. Such things always backfire.

Q *I love a Catholic girl. She won't agree to marriage unless I promise to raise our children as Catholics. Can't we compromise?—W.M.*

A Not if she sticks by her faith. Protestants marrying Catholics must sign a formal agreement to raise all children as Catholics. Should the Catholic spouse die, the Protestant is bound by the agreement. Both Catholic and Protestant leaders advise

against interfaith marriages. Divorce statistics bear them out. Talk with your minister about this. Also, see *If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic* [November 1956, page 27].

Q *I'm 14. I want a car, but can't own one legally for many months. Three of my friends have cars, and they're no older than I am. I have enough cash to get a jalopy. My folks won't let me. Why do they pick on me?—B.A.*

A Your folks aren't picking on you. They're protecting you.

Q *My sister met a delinquent boy at a rink and later they eloped. Now their marriage is on the rocks. My parents won't let me go to the rink. They're afraid I'll pick up with the same sort of boy.—M.C.*

A Your parents' anxiety is understandable. Try to demonstrate your good judgment to them. Be extra careful. As you prove yourself trustworthy your parents should be able to relax and give you more freedom.

Q *I go with a fine Christian boy. We are both 13. We have talked about petting. Is it really wrong if you are in love and have clean minds?—H.B.*

A Yes, petting is wrong. Physical reactions come quickly and can be overwhelming. Don't take risks.

Q *Please tell the girls who read Teens Together to listen to their parents' advice. I am 19. I got married three years ago against my folks' wishes. The boy had a bad record and I thought I could reform him. That's a laugh! Now I have two babies, no money, no education, and no husband. He deserted*

us. My father sent bus tickets so we could return home. I'm still a Christian. I pray that others will learn from my mistake.—M.S.

A Thank you. I, too, pray that others will learn from your experience.

Q *I am 15. Several months ago I fell for a girl, but she dislikes me. I can't even get to speak to her. What shall I do?—A.I.*

A At one time or another almost everyone falls for a person who doesn't reciprocate. I suggest three things: (1) Stop thinking about her. Don't hang around her. (2) Keep busy doing things with congenial kids—sports, hobbies, MYF activities. (3) Start dating other girls. You'll find one who likes you.

Q *I am 14. My mother expects me to work too hard at home. She will not let me go out on dates. My father would be nice to me, but she won't let him. Why is she so mean?—B.A.*

A Many girls go through a period of rebellion against their mothers. It comes when they are 13 or 14 and growing up fast. Usually it does not last. Before long you will see the

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

• *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Tom Thumb: Family (+)

The big family picture of recent months is this fairy tale about a miniature boy, Tom Thumb, 5½ inches tall. Russ Tamblyn plays the role with agility and grace; trick photography makes the scenes realistic. Alan Young is a neighbor friend and June Thorburn is the good fairy, later transformed into a girl, so there can be a happy romance between her and Alan. Two thieves try to exploit Tom, which leads to false accusations against his foster father and mother, Bernard Miles and Jessie Matthews. But all ends well.

Bell, Book, and Candle: Adult (—)

Although boasting a cast that includes James Stewart and Kim Novak, the film version of a Broadway success does not come up to expectations. It's a single-gimmick story—that in modern times a witch can still cast a spell over a man and make him fall in love with her, until she falls in love with him. Then she loses her power.

Perfect Furlough: Adult (—)

Tony Curtis is on an Arctic military base where morale is low because the only thing the men have on their minds is the women who aren't there. Janet Leigh, an Army psychologist, drums up a "perfect furlough" for some lucky man, the rest living it vicariously. Tony wins the trip by a trick and leaves for Paris and three weeks with a movie star.

The Man Inside: Adult (+), Youth (+)

Nigel Patrick, a mousy accountant in a jewelry firm, is successful after 15 years of planning in stealing a famous diamond. But a murder is committed in the process. Immediately, international jewel thieves begin trailing him. So does Jack Palance, a private detective employed by the insurance company. Jack is the final winner—but only after several other murders.

The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad: Adult (+), Youth (+)

When Kathryn Grant becomes engaged to Kerwin Mathews, a magician in love with her becomes angry and reduces her to a size so small that she can live in a jewel box. Mathews learns that a piece of shell from the egg of a giant bird can restore Kathryn to her normal size. Seeking a piece of the shell, he meets a small boy imprisoned in a lamp. In the fantastic adventures which follow, this boy—a genii—is of great help.

From the Earth to the Moon: Family (+)

Shortly after the Civil War, Joseph Cotton discovers "Power X," which can destroy a city. He decides to use this force to send a rocket to the moon. George Sanders, a rival inventor, tries to sabotage the journey by tampering with the rocket's controls. Debra Paget, Sanders' daughter, stows away and causes further complications.

Anna Lucasta: Adult (—)

Anna Lucasta (Eartha Kitt), daughter of a middle-class Negro family, has become a prostitute. Her father, Rex Ingram, learns that the son of a rich friend is coming to town. Persuaded by the rest of the family, the father decides to find his wandering daughter and marry her to this boy so they can take over his bank roll. Eartha goes through with the wedding, but on her wedding day deserts her husband for her lover, Sammy Davis, Jr. Although honest and realistic, the film is sordid and unpleasant.

Geisha Boy: Family (+)

Jerry Lewis is funnier here than in some of his recent films. As a down-and-out magician who can't find work, he joins a USO troupe going to Japan. Here he runs into innumerable adventures, played strictly for gags. Befriended by a Japanese widow, Nobu McCarthy, Jerry is "adopted" by her six-year-old son, Robert Hirano. When Jerry comes back to the States, Robert follows him as a stowaway. So Jerry eventually returns to Japan, where he becomes a successful actor. Japanese backgrounds are also interesting.

reasons behind your mother's actions. She loves you and is trying to prepare you to be a homemaker and mother. Try to be patient.

Q *Should I run away? My parents are dead. I live with an older brother. He is 30 and I'm 13. I have to go to bed at 7:30. If I do anything wrong he beats me. I have scars on my back to prove it. Does a kid like me have any protection?—D.G.*

A Yes. Go to the chief of your County Probation Office. Show him your back. Ask to be made a "ward of the court" and placed in a foster home. Running away would not help.

Q *I joined a secret club. Now I am sorry. I want to resign, but the girls say I can't. They say they'll tell lies about me if I do.—M.S.*

A First tell your folks. Then resign from the club, even though temporary trouble may follow. Any lies the girls might tell will hurt them more than you.

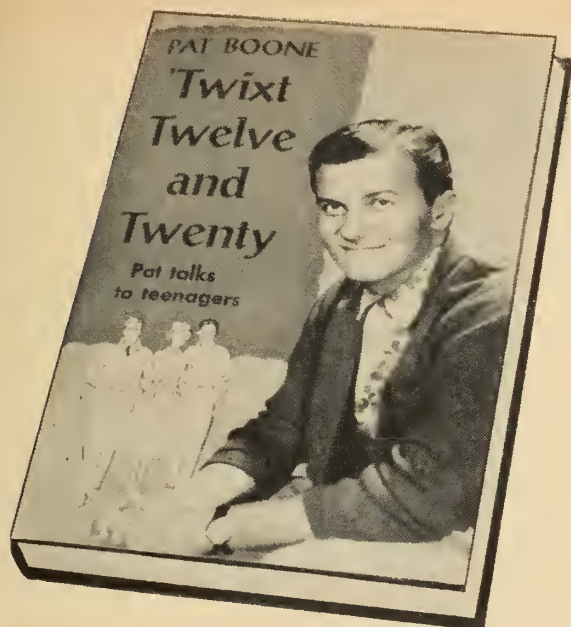
Q *I loved my math teacher. I'm 15. He is 27. When I learned he was married, I had my program changed. Did I do the right thing?—G.M.*

A Yes, you did. Many girls of your age fall for older men. The feeling is intense, but it doesn't last.

Q *I'm 14 and a big, fat tomboy. I would like to be more feminine, but the boys laugh at me when I try. What can I do?—S.K.*

A Time is on your side. Many an overweight tomboy of 13 or 14 has become a curvaceous young woman of 16 or 17. Ask your doctor for a safe reducing diet. Talk with your gym teacher about exercises to improve your figure. Does your mother know how you feel? She can help you most of all. Good luck!

ANSWERS UNLIMITED: *Dr. Barbour has them and will help you find the right ones to your problems. Just write him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses are confidential.—Eds.*



PAT BOONE Talks to Teen-Agers

'TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY

By PAT BOONE. Teen-age can be a confusing time, but it can also be a time of adventure. Pat Boone talks to teen-agers about the whole list of challenges they meet as they enter this period of development—altered relations with parents and friends, dating, going steady, petting, earning money, planning a future, getting an education, and developing spiritually. Pat Boone is one of today's most popular young men, and in his twenty-four years he has built three careers—one as an entertainer, one as a family man, and one as a youth worker in the Church. Pat advises teen-agers on the basis of his own personal experience. (PH) postpaid, \$2.95

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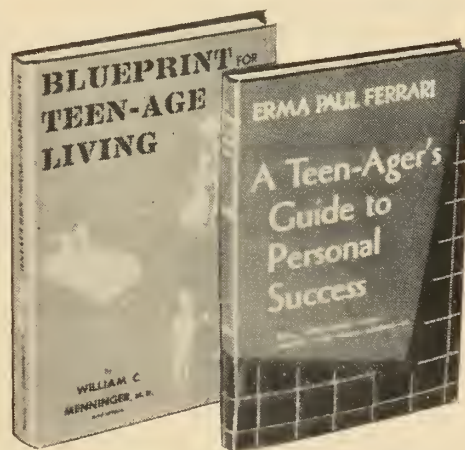
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Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

FEBRUARY 22

Take heed, watch; for you do not know when the time will come.—Mark 13:33

I AWOKE to discover that during the night fog had rolled in. Thick and heavy, it blanketed the city. This worried me; immediately after breakfast I would have to drive across town to make a hospital call. I knew the trip would be hazardous and that all along those busy streets hidden dangers would lurk.

Apprehensively, I backed my car from the garage and began to make my way down the murky street. I had driven only a few yards when I made a discovery—there was no fog immediately surrounding me! The fog enveloped only the distant objects; those at hand I could see clearly. My apprehension passed.

By the time I had safely reached my destination I had learned a great lesson; to drive safely along fog-shrouded streets, one doesn't have to be able to see a great distance in advance. All that is necessary is to be alert and make maximum use of the limited vision given by the present.

The disciples of Jesus wanted to see into the future. They believed that if they could see in advance the dangers and demands that would confront them they could live successfully. Jesus replied by reminding them that there was no way to see into the future.

The experiences that lay ahead could not be anticipated. But, he told them, being able to see into the future is not necessary for great living.

The fog that lies over the future does not obscure the vision of the present. The secret of successful living is to take full advantage of the now, which can be seen. During each moment of the present, be alert! Heed the warning and direction signs.

Prayer: Our Father, help me to understand that the future is just an extension of the present, so the best preparation I can make for the future is to lift the present to its highest possibilities. May I today exercise my personal powers against the possibilities of the present, so that they shall be fully developed for the demands of the future. Amen.

—A. B. CAVANAUGH

MARCH 1

He was despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised, and we esteemed him not.—Isaiah 53:3

CHRISTIAN students went to a slum hilltop in a South American city and worked, like despised servants, with blistered hands and burdened backs to build a road by which the people could climb to their poor homes. These who worked to exhaustion were strangers to those who lived there. Yet young people have long worked for others, even for enemies, taking the burden of their guilt, their suffering, their failure.

Such is the eternal Christ spirit of God and his suffering servants. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." There have been glimpses of this spirit before and since, in individuals and in the sufferings of peoples like Israel.

In Jesus, it is as though some curtain is drawn and, for once, we see. We see the awful cost of our human willfulness. Jesus took that cost upon himself, even as God has done eternally.

That eternal Christ spirit still seeks you and me. No one can force someone else to take the guilt of others forgivingly into his own heart, to bear suffering so as to change lives about him, to stand by in the midst of misunderstanding, to exhaust himself in

serving with hands or body. But God's eternal Christ spirit may use us now as his suffering servants to heal our part of the world with him. Shall we choose?

Prayer: Father, I offer now my disappointments, my sorrows, my burdened hands to thee, to use, to heal, and to bring peace. In Jesus' spirit. Amen.

—HOBART F. GOEWEY

MARCH 8

And he said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible to thee; remove this cup from me; yet not what I will, but what thou wilt."—Mark 14:36

SOME TIME ago a pastor friend was called in the middle of the night to go to a hospital to minister to the mother and father of a student stricken by monoxide gas from a faulty heater. When the pastor arrived at 1:45 a.m., he found the dean of men with the family; he had been there for several hours. As the boy hovered between life and death, the president of the university visited him.

Although the boy, enrolled as a freshman, had not attended a single class, and although these officials were swamped with the task of getting a university of 22,000 students under way in a new academic year, they showed by their concern that their deepest interest in the university community is, really, human life. They hadn't lost the human touch.

With the rush of life so feverish, we are apt to lose that touch. It is easy to develop an impersonal, unfeeling attitude toward people. We become calloused to need or misery or injustice.

What we need to cultivate is the quality of sympathetic imagination and understanding that enables us to put ourselves in the place of other people.

A church is a poor affair, no matter how beautiful its sanctu-

ary, if its members lack the quality of sympathetic insight and understanding. Religion is a poor affair if it has to do only with the individual and God, if it is never translated into social action, if it does not make us kinder, more patient, more helpful, more generous.

It is from Jesus that we learn the human touch is the hallmark of real religion. Think of the parable of the Good Samaritan. What is religion worth, it asks, if it can see need and pass it by, if it is insensitive to suffering, if it is so taken up with organizations and committees that it has no time to turn aside for an act of mercy, even if only to offer a cup of water? You can't be self-engrossed and be much of a Christian.

Prayer: Our Father, enable us to realize that it is not by our beliefs, our understanding, or our success, but by our service and our love, that we shall be judged. "As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

—HOWARD E. MUMMA

MARCH 15

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.—Isaiah 53:7

THIS passage of Scripture deals with the dreams of a nation, possibly captive at the time of this writing, for a Deliverer. In beautiful, but necessarily nebulous, descriptions is drawn the picture of him who was to be the suffering servant. Unlike other idealizations of the Deliverer, this servant is a person of gentleness and inward courage. Rather than being a mighty militarist, this servant takes upon himself the weights and griefs of his people.

The notion of strength through silent suffering was alien and exotic to the Jews, as it is to many of this age. Force was met by brute force in retaliation. The concept of "come now, let us reason together" was not in popular circulation. That this servant took upon himself oppression and affliction was utterly unthinkable.

Reading again the descriptive text, we ask ourselves how far we have come to an acceptance of the principle of one taking our places, bearing burdens we impose on him, mute rather than articulate in protest? Has our progress made it possible for us to comprehend the ideal of this suffering servant in the ministry and Resurrection of Jesus the Christ?

In what, or whom, is our faith placed? Is this the guise and form of one whose sufferings were for me and for you? One day a multitude heard a speaker; in sudden silence, to some it sounded as if it had thundered, to at least one it was the voice of God.

Thunder or God? which do you hear?

Prayer: Thou dost reveal thyself in manifold fashions, O God. Save us from the constrictive concept that only in fixed forms and certain ways can thy glory be revealed, thy ways be made known to the sons of men. To man thou hast given eyes, ears, mouth that we may see, hear, and speak thy truth, through Christ, Son, Servant, Savior. Amen.

—J. J. STOWE, JR.

MARCH 22

And Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." And they cast lots to divide his garments.—Luke 23:34

MICHEL DEL CASTILLO was certainly caught in the cross fire of life. At 3, rejected by his father, he was shuttled out of Spain to France with his mother. At 9, abandoned by her in a concentration camp, he was herded in a boxcar of children for a 3½-day trip to another Nazi camp in Germany. He would have died

under the ordeals of the camp had it not been for a German who fired him with a will to live and who, before his own death, taught the boy to "leave hate to those who are too weak to love."

Del Castillo has come through it all and now at 25, in Paris, tells his story in *Child of Our Time*. Not only has he survived those terrifying years, but he has forgiven much that for many people would be eternally unforgivable. Learning to forgive has kept him going, but he has not been the only one to make forgiveness central in his life.

These words of forgiveness, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," must have been hard words for Jesus to say. If he had made a display of courage in silence, that would have been enough to be remembered as a martyr.

These words of forgiveness are typical of Jesus. This same man, who counseled Peter to forgive 70 times 7, now in these words from the cross already has forgiven his offenders and is asking God to do so, too. He hasn't changed his mind. He is still saying forgiveness is a necessity of life. He refuses to be destroyed by bitterness.

Forgiveness is not forgetting. It is a new dimension in life, in which life is actually remade. It is the summary of one's whole religious life and thought. To forgive provides the way by which God, working in the world and in one's life, brings together the broken fragments. Martin Luther saw this when he said that "forgiveness of sin is a knot which needs God's help to untie."

Prayer: O Thou, whose willingness to forgive allows us to make a fresh start today in the midst of all that clutters our life, bring to us thy healing power of love that compels us to forgive and assures us of thy forgiveness. Amen.

—ELBERT C. COLE

A. B. Cavanaugh
Gretna, La.

Hobart F. Goewey
Burlington, Vt.

Howard E. Mumma
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

J. J. Stowe, Jr.
Durant, Okla.

Elbert C. Cole
Gary, Ind.



Looks at New Books

IT IS A pleasure for me to report on a truly beautiful—and authoritative—new work. It's *The American Heritage Book of The Revolution* (American Heritage, \$12.50), a complete one-volume history of the Revolution in narrative and pictures.

The Revolution is a big book, of sound scholarship and outstanding beauty. More than 600 pictures—183 in full color—help crisp, fast-moving text bring America's struggle for independence to life. It was a hard, tragic struggle by people much like ourselves—confused, usually divided, often discouraged.

Methodists will be especially interested in a painting that shows George Whitefield preaching. It was done in 1742 by John Wollaston and the original hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

American historian and novelist **Bruce Lancaster** has written most of the narrative; Bruce Catton, historian-editor of *American Heritage Magazine*, did the introduction.

At two minutes after midnight July 30, 1945, halfway between Guam and Leyte, the heavy cruiser *Indianapolis*, flagship of the Fifth Fleet, was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. In 12 minutes she sank; over 800 men were left afloat in life jackets or rubber rafts to face one of the worst ordeals in Navy history. For our Navy did not know the *Indianapolis* had gone down. It was not until the fourth day that a lone patrol plane on a routine mission accidentally sighted the victims and rescue began. Only 316 men survived the waves, sun, and sharks.

In *Abandon Ship!* (Henry Holt, \$3.95) **Richard F. Newcomb** extracts the full measure of human drama from the last voyage of the *Indianapolis*, her death at sea, the survivors' suffering, and the Navy's efforts to find somebody to blame. These efforts led to the court-martial but later vindication of Charles B. McVay, captain of the ill-fated ship. Actually, the failure to realize the *Indianapolis* was missing was not the fault of individuals but of procedure—or, rather, of lack of procedure. For the Navy had no procedure for reporting nonarrivals of combat ships.

Newcomb first picked up the story as a war correspondent in the Pacific. He researched it thoroughly and interviewed or corresponded with scores of survivors. *Abandon Ship!*, consequently,



"It takes a while to get the hang of it, Sam." From *The Saturday Evening Post Cartoon Festival*, a rib-tickling collection selected by **Marione R. Nickles** to delight the entire family. (Dutton, \$3.95.)

is not only a virile tale of adventure at sea but carefully documented naval history as well.

Those who remember **Jesse Stuart's** *How to Handle Halloween Hoodlums* [October, 1957, page 26] won't have to be told how well he writes. For more than 25 years Stuart has made the brooding Appalachian hill country and its proud, intensely alive people as familiar to his readers as their own neighbors and home towns.

Now comes *Plowshare in Heaven* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50), a collection of 21 Stuart stories and sketches about goings-on in Greenup County, Kentucky. Some are violent, some are funny, some catch the keening wind of the hills, all are good, and some of them are excellent. If you like the hills and hill people, you'll enjoy these.

In *The Religions of the World Made Simple* (Garden City Books, \$1) **John Lewis** has tried to describe religious experience in all its expressions and traditions. And he very nearly does it. Do you want to know about the Bahai movement? It's there. What about Eastern Orthodoxy discussed by Dr. Nall in *America's Fourth Faith*

[July, 1958, page 40]? Ancient Orphism? Zen Buddhism? The New Theology? They're there, too.

Of course, religions cannot really be explained as simply as this book seeks to do, but the author has done about as much as is possible in brief fashion that is both objective and sympathetic.

A lecturer in philosophy in London, Lewis has ranged widely in sources, which are listed at the end of each chapter. And since he has done his job with accuracy, this can be a handy reference for the person who is prepared to take the hazards of oversimplification into account.

A pleasant surprise package with my name on it turned up under our Christmas tree and I've been delving into it ever since. It's *Great Stories From the World of Sport*, edited by **Peter Schwed** and **Herbert Warren Wind** (Simon and Schuster, \$15).

This is an impressive, three-volume set, totaling 1,124 pages, designed for the sports lover with literary tastes. It contains novels, novelettes, short stories, and extracts from the works of some of the best-known writers of recent years—Damon Runyan, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, P. G. Wode-

house, Thomas Mann, Jack London, and James Thurber, to name a sampling. Maybe you'll find a set left over from the holiday book-buying rush.

Norman Vincent Peale's books have been translated into 15 languages, a vast audience here and abroad avidly reads his magazine and newspaper articles. Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, where he has preached for 26 years, is filled to overflowing every Sunday. Yet some theological seminaries and church leaders have been sharp in their criticism, at times accusing him of trying to turn Christianity into a "cult of success."

Norman Vincent Peale, Minister to Millions (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95) is a sympathetic biography by his long-time friend, **Arthur Gordon**. It is skillfully and graphically written. It presents Dr. Peale as a man sensitive to the problems that people face within themselves, able to understand the fears of others because he has known fear, and, above all, a man who finds it exciting to be alive and "to serve God and people."

Twenty years ago, few people had heard of public relations and fewer understood it. Now nearly everybody has heard of it, but plenty still wonder what it is. To **John Newton Baker**, author of *Your Public Relations Are Showing* (Twayne Publishers, \$5), good public relations is both an art and a business. It's the art of dealing effectively with people; it's the business of organizing your work so that your best foot is always forward.

Since everybody has public relations—unless he's a hermit—this book is for everybody. It's as sound and practical as it is readable. John Baker is fully qualified to speak on the subject; now assistant to the president of Methodist-related MacMurray College, he's been a contributing editor to a national magazine, a public-relations director, a college professor, and a personnel interviewer for an industrial firm.

Manila publisher **Carlos P. Romulo**, now the Philippines' ambassador to the U.S., has been a staunch friend of America from his youth and has spent much of his life in this country. American-born **Pearl S. Buck** grew up in China as the daughter of a missionary and has a deep love for the people of Asia. *Friend to Friend* (John Day, \$2.50) is a frank interchange between these two. In it, they discuss the increasing influence of Communism on Asia and America's failure to get credit for her efforts to help the Asiatics.

Romulo stresses that America's strength lies in the faith the world's people have in her essential goodness and soundness. And he explains that supporting Western control of colonial

Books for Your Crater, Alligator



Asked what books they'd take for sheer enjoyment if they were going to spend a year amidst the craters of the moon, members of Together's editorial staff came up with a list that included these choices—as varied as their personalities. What would you take?

The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody—History seen by the humorist, **Will Cuppy** (Holt, \$3.50).

Moby Dick—**Herman Melville's** classic of the sea (in more than a dozen editions by various publishers).

Complete Poems of Robert Frost (Holt, \$3.50)—Two of these poems also appeared in TOGETHER in March, 1957, along with a profile of the poet by A. S. Harris, Jr.

Pogo—Or any of the 13 subsequent Pogo books by cartoonist **Walt Kelly** (Simon and Schuster, \$1).

The Encyclopaedia Britannica—Vol. 23, VASE to ZYGO.

Abraham Lincoln—By poet-biographer (and TOGETHER contributor) **Carl Sandburg** (6 vols., Harcourt, \$54).

Mr. Dooley at His Best—Observations by **Finley Peter Dunne's** droll Irish character (Scribner, \$3.75).

Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa—By **George W. Peck**. Out of print for many years, but *Dover* now is preparing a new edition of this old favorite.

Dr. Zhivago—Novel which won the Nobel Prize for its author, Russian writer **Boris Pasternak** (Pantheon, \$5).

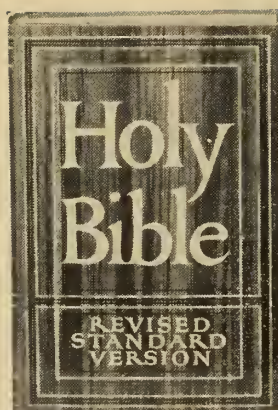
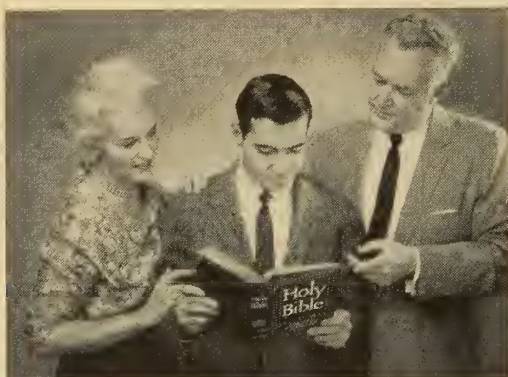
Anything by humorist **James Thurber**—Possibly the **Thurber Carnival** (Harper, \$3.95; Modern Library, \$1.65).

Song of the Sky—**Guy Murchie** explaining weather in prose with poetic sweep (Houghton Mifflin, \$5).

Huckleberry Finn—**Mark Twain's** beloved story of boyhood on the Mississippi (Nelson, \$1.25; Dutton, \$2.75).

Fourteen for Tonight—Short stories by **Steve Allen**, who is as good at writing as at entertaining (Holt, \$3).

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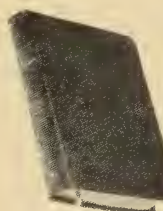
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territories makes our intentions suspect. Miss Buck reminds Asiatics that if they want Americans to be different they must explain themselves to us. She warns that communication is a problem that must be solved.

TOGETHER readers, incidentally, will remember Carlos Romulo as the author of two outstanding features—*How We Romulos Changed Our Minds* [December, 1956, page 7] and *Bridge of Helping Hands* [March, 1958, page 30].

Another roving American focuses attention on a different area—the Middle East. That cradle of civilization and of three great religions today is a political powder keg.

Agile-minded Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas spent a summer traveling the dusty byways of this ancient region. With his wife and another companion, he drove 7,000 miles on back roads through West Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, and Turkey. He lunched at teahouses in hot, dry villages; talked with illiterate farmers; visited nomads in their black-wool tents; saw the pattern of Communist infiltration, and probed the mind of everyone he met. *West of the Indus* (Doubleday, \$5) is the story of his adventure.



No sour grapes for Justice Douglas—he finds only friends west of the Indus.

"The Asian wants a handclasp for friendship," Douglas says. "He welcomes the stranger . . . who will sleep on his rice mats, who will drink his tea and share his worries . . . who will not lord it over him."

Justice Douglas is also the author of a recently published Landmark book for boys and girls, *Exploring the Himalaya* (Random House, \$1.95). Here he tells the stories of mountain-climbing expeditions which have sought to conquer the massive barricade separating

India from central Asia. And, an enthusiastic climber himself, he also writes of his own journey through the mountains with a Tibetan caravan.

The Atlantic Book of British and American Poetry, edited by **Dame Edith Sitwell** (Atlantic—Little, Brown, \$12.50) was compiled at the suggestion of *Atlantic Monthly* editor Edward Weeks and could not have been assigned to more competent hands. Dame Edith's has been a lifetime devoted to poetry.

The poems, mostly in chronological order, begin with the early anonymous verse of the 1300s and continue into the 1950s. Although many of them have been included in earlier anthologies, some of the dead wood of those compilations has been deleted and better works, according to Dame Edith's studied taste, have been inserted. Among these are some excellent selections.

While it may seem that she runs to the obscure, she does precede many works with individual prefaces which help justify her decisions.

It seems to me that there just isn't as much time around as there used to be. Furthermore, this seems to be a universal complaint, at least with everybody over 35.

Be that as it may, the march of time in its most literal sense has been carefully documented by **Harrison J. Cowan**, veteran of the watchmaking industry and long active in radio. His *Time and Its Measurement* (World Publishing, \$4.95) reflects solid knowledge of his field. It traces man's many tinkering with the calendar; pictorially and in animated prose it presents interesting ancestors of the modern clock, and it brings us sharply up to date with the atomic and maser clock, physicists' attempt to divide a second and find a frequency. Delightful vignettes of history are served up with the development of these super-accurate (one second every 300 years) devices.

Don't let the title of *The Apron Pocket Book of Meditation and Prayer* (Seabury Press, \$1.50) fool you. Whether you wear aprons, blue jeans, or whatever to do your housework, you'll find an invaluable companion in this little volume. It speaks of the real concerns of modern women in a refreshingly unsentimental way. Too, it contains any number of prayers and quotations to enrich the rare quiet moments that come in the midst of busy days.

With the thoroughness and conciseness that have come to be associated with their names, **Harry and Bonaro Overstreet** have explained much about Communism in *What We Must Know*



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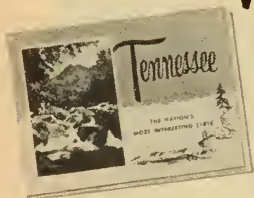
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About Communism (Morton \$3.95)—
all except something that these experts
on human behavior are especially quali-
fied to explain. This is the firm hold
that Communism has over the millions
who are not members of the Party and
whose hopes have been dashed re-
peatedly.

This hold is a phenomenon that
baffles anyone who sees it; it is not
surprising that the Overstreets have
not tackled an explanation. But without
an attempt at such an explanation, a
vital part of any survey of Communism
is lacking.

More than a scientific treatise on an
unscientific subject, *God and the Soviets*
by **Marcus Bach** (Crowell, \$4) is a
book filled with human interest grow-
ing out of warm human contacts. And
it has a message to proclaim; even the
author would scarcely maintain that it's
unbiased.

His disappointment and bewilder-
ment are not hidden. In all his questing
and questioning he never allows himself
to forget that "if the Soviets are in
league with dialectical materialism in
order to find happiness we, in the
Western world, are in league with
Christian evaluation to reach a similar
goal."

Green Grows Ivy (McGraw-Hill,
\$4.50) is the lively memoir of **Ivy
Baker Priest**, the miner's daughter
who became treasurer of the U.S.

Whether she's describing her tomboy
girlhood, her life as a small-town
housewife, her unsuccessful campaign
for the Senate, or experiences in Wash-
ington as a member of the "protocol
set," the lady from Bountiful, Utah,
writes warmly and frankly. And she
gives the reader a helpful behind-the-
scenes look at American politics.

Omnibus of Speed (Putnam, \$5.95)
is a collection of stories on motor racing
that roars along in high gear. The 40
articles collected by **Charles Beau-
mont** and **William Nolan** give vivid
glimpses of the men who share their
glory with machines.

I've often wondered about the urge
that impels some men to seek danger
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stories present adventure in one of its
purest forms.

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Educator **Leonard Covello**, who came
there as an Italian immigrant boy in
the 1890s, was father-confessor to hun-
dreds of boys as a teacher at DeWitt
Clinton High School and as principal
of Benjamin Franklin High, both in

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East Harlem. His experiences cover more than a quarter of a century.

The Heart Is the Teacher (McGraw-Hill, \$4.75), written by Dr. Covello with **Guido D'Agostino**, tells how he handled the "bad boys" he refused to believe were bad. He tells, too, how their problems took him into their homes, and the alleys and streets that were their playgrounds. He taught evening language classes at the YMCA, taught Sunday school and helped organize a boys' club at the Jefferson Park Methodist Church, and established store-front schools to carry education to adults.

The best schools, Dr. Covello believes, are deeply rooted in their communities and give their pupils a sense of place and responsibility in the neighborhood and the world.

Now retired from teaching, he is an educational consultant for the Migration Division of Puerto Rico's Department of Labor.

In another age and another clime Mercy Otis Warren's literary talent might've shaped her into an ivory-tower character. In Massachusetts during the American Revolution it led her to produce a series of mocking political satires which rallied patriotic sentiment throughout the Colonies.

In *First Lady of the Revolution* (Doubleday, \$3.95) biographer **Katharine Anthony** tells of the devastatingly effective battle waged by the young Massachusetts housewife against the British empire. Working with her brother, James Otis, her husband, James Warren, and her friends, Sam Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry, Mercy played a vital part in the behind-the-scenes intrigues of New England revolutionary politics.

Mercy Warren has never received her rightful place in American history. This biography may help correct this injustice.

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I sternly tell my son when he's
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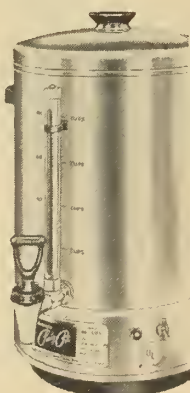
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Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

A CHARACTER in one of Sinclair Lewis' novels, served oatmeal every morning during the whole of his married life, finally remarked: "You know, after 25 years I'm beginning to like this stuff." I have not been writing this column 25 years, but I am beginning to enjoy it even more than I expected. This is because people who read books are interesting people and their letters are always stimulating. I could not refrain from this expression of my thanks to the friends I have made through a discussion of novels in *Together*.

THE UGLY AMERICAN, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (Norton, \$3.75).

This one is simply terrific! Through a series of short stories, the authors tell about different types of Americans representing us abroad. They make clear why we fail so often and they give us the clew to the secret of success. This is not a series of political essays; it is fiction at its best. I have yet to meet the man who has traveled in recent years who does not agree that this book ought to be read by every American and especially the State Department. If it is true that war is too important to be left to the generals, and youth is too important to be entrusted to young people, I believe it is time we recognized that peace is too important to be left to the government. The American people had better rise up and take their responsibility. For those who are too tired to rise up, I prescribe *The Ugly American*.

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LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH,
by Willard Motley (*Random House, \$4.95*).

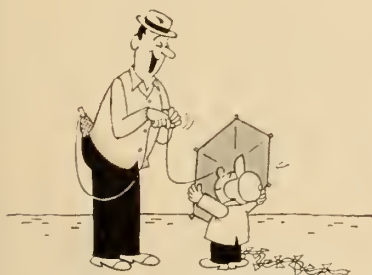
You may have read the predecessor of this volume, *Knock on Any Door*. This begins where the first one left off. It is a picture of the Chicago slums where even good folks have a hard time keeping alive their spark of decency and young people are born with two strikes on them. It is rough and tough and definitely not for those seeking escape literature. The book impressed me with the utter monotony of evil. I am troubled that there seems to be no church at work in this environment. The Protestant church in America will be judged for many sins, no doubt, but none greater than running away from the cities and giving the devil a free hand in the slums. Mr. Motley did not say this, you understand. I did.

FREEST MAN ON EARTH, by James Whitfield Ellison (*Doubleday, \$2.95*).

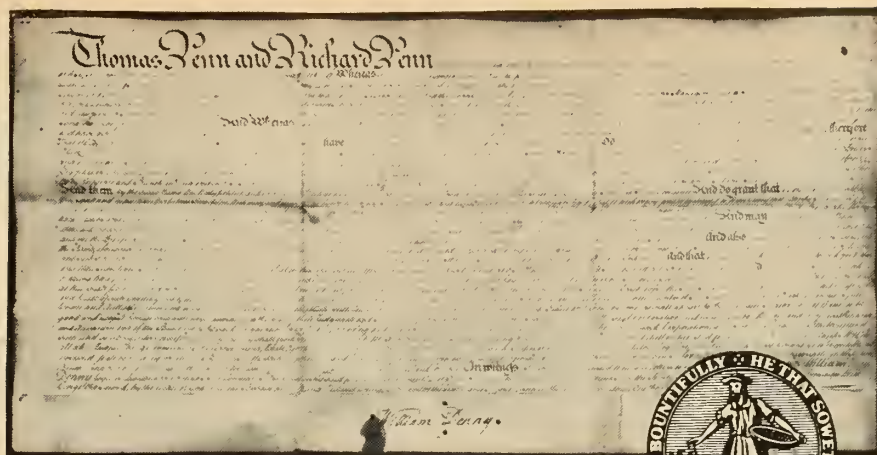
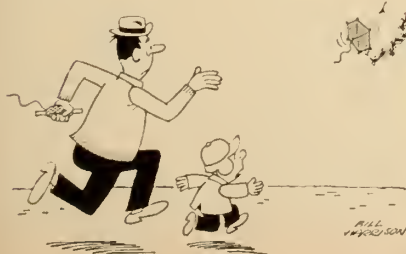
Here is a young man who tries to escape all conventions and live his life in his own way. There is a certain nobility in the attempt, but for me it never quite came off. There are some fine character studies and social analyses in the book, but the theme, in the opinion of this reviewer, is bigger than the treatment.

SOUTH TOWN, by Lorenz Graham (*Follett, \$3.45*).

This is a simple story about a Negro family in a Southern town. Without pretending to solve any problems, it is a moving revelation of what it means to be black in the midst of bitterness, nor is it inflammatory. It can be read in any part of the country, and men who know deep in their hearts that all men are brothers may stop and consider our racial relationships anew.



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The Blue-Nosed Cat

By GINA M. BELL



KENNY CAT was a handsome cat. He had soft white fur, large shining eyes, and a fluffy tail. But Kenny, strangely enough, had a blue nose. Kenny knew his nose was blue, but there wasn't anything he could do about it, except wish that everyone he met wouldn't discuss it.

One bright, springlike day, Kenny was walking sadly down a road when he met a small rabbit.

The rabbit stopped to stare at him. Kenny was used to that. Usually everyone did stop and stare at him. He even knew what the rabbit was going to say. The rabbit said it:

"I must say I have never seen a cat with a blue nose before."

Kenny sighed. Then he said, as he usually did, "I feel all blue, but it only shows in my little blue nose."

"Why are you so blue?" asked the rabbit.

Kenny shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I just don't know."

The rabbit hopped off in a hurry.

He really didn't want a friend who felt so blue.

Kenny went along in his sad way. He was hoping he wouldn't meet anyone else, but along came a small, gray squirrel.

The squirrel stopped and stared at Kenny. Kenny stopped and waited for the squirrel to say, "I must say I have never seen a cat with a blue nose before." The squirrel said it.

Kenny sighed and answered, "I feel all blue, but it only shows in my little blue nose."

"And just why are you so blue?" asked the squirrel, sitting up on his hind legs and looking curious.

"I don't know," said Kenny. "If I knew why I was blue I'd do something about it, wouldn't I?"

The squirrel didn't answer. He just scampered on his way quickly. He didn't think he wanted to be friends with anyone who was so blue and who asked such hard questions. Kenny walked along sadly. He was thinking of turning off onto a side road where he wouldn't meet anyone else.

Then he saw a plump, pretty cat coming along the road toward him. The cat, of course, stopped and stared at Kenny. Kenny stopped, too, waiting. And of course the cat said, "I must say I have never seen a cat with a blue nose before. I know 100 cats, I do, but I have never seen a cat like you."

Kenny sighed again. "I'm all blue, but it only shows in my little blue nose," he said, as he always did. He expected the cat to go off about her business, the way everyone did. But she didn't. She stood staring at him.

Then she said, "I think I know why you are blue, and I know where there is help for you. Suppose you come along with me."

Kenny was surprised. Nobody had ever thought anything could be done for him. The plump cat took him to a pretty little house under a willow tree. Then she called, "Come on, everybody, we have company."

Immediately the room was full of small kittens, gray ones and white ones and striped ones, and

one very large, very fine-looking striped cat who was the father.

The kittens all crowded around Kenny, but not one of them said anything about his blue nose.

"We're having catnip salad for supper," Mrs. Cat said. "Who's going to help me set the table?"

All the kittens said, "Me, me, me, me."

And Kenny said, "Me."

"All right, dear," said Mrs. Cat to Kenny. "I choose you."

Kenny helped set the table and then he sat down to dinner with the friendly Cat family. He felt warm and comfortable in their house. And when Mrs. Cat said to him, "Why don't you just call me 'Mother'?" Kenny was as pleased as could be.

"You might as well call me 'Father,' then," said Mr. Cat, smiling, "and since you seem to be a member of the family, these are all your sisters and brothers."

All the little kittens clapped their paws.

"They're pleased," said Mrs. Cat. "They have always wanted a big, strong brother."

"And I'm going to be their big, strong brother?" asked Kenny. "Oh, that's wonderful! I never had a family before."

"Well, you've got one now," said Mrs. Cat, "and you might as well get used to the idea."

"I'm used to it already," said Kenny. "I like it."

Suddenly, one of the kittens pointed to Kenny's nose. "Look, Mother!" he shouted.

"It's rude to point, dear," said Mrs. Cat.

"But do look at his nose, Mother. It's not blue any more!"

Mrs. Cat looked at Kenny. Sure enough, his nose was not blue any more. It was turning a soft, pretty pink.

"You know," said Kenny. "It's funny, but I don't feel blue inside any more, either."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Cat. "Your nose was blue and you felt blue because you needed a happy home and a family to love. Now you have them, so you're not blue any more. It's really very simple."

And from then on, Kenny was so happy in his new home with his new family that his nose stayed a bright, happy pink, and everyone forgot that he had ever been the blue-nosed cat.

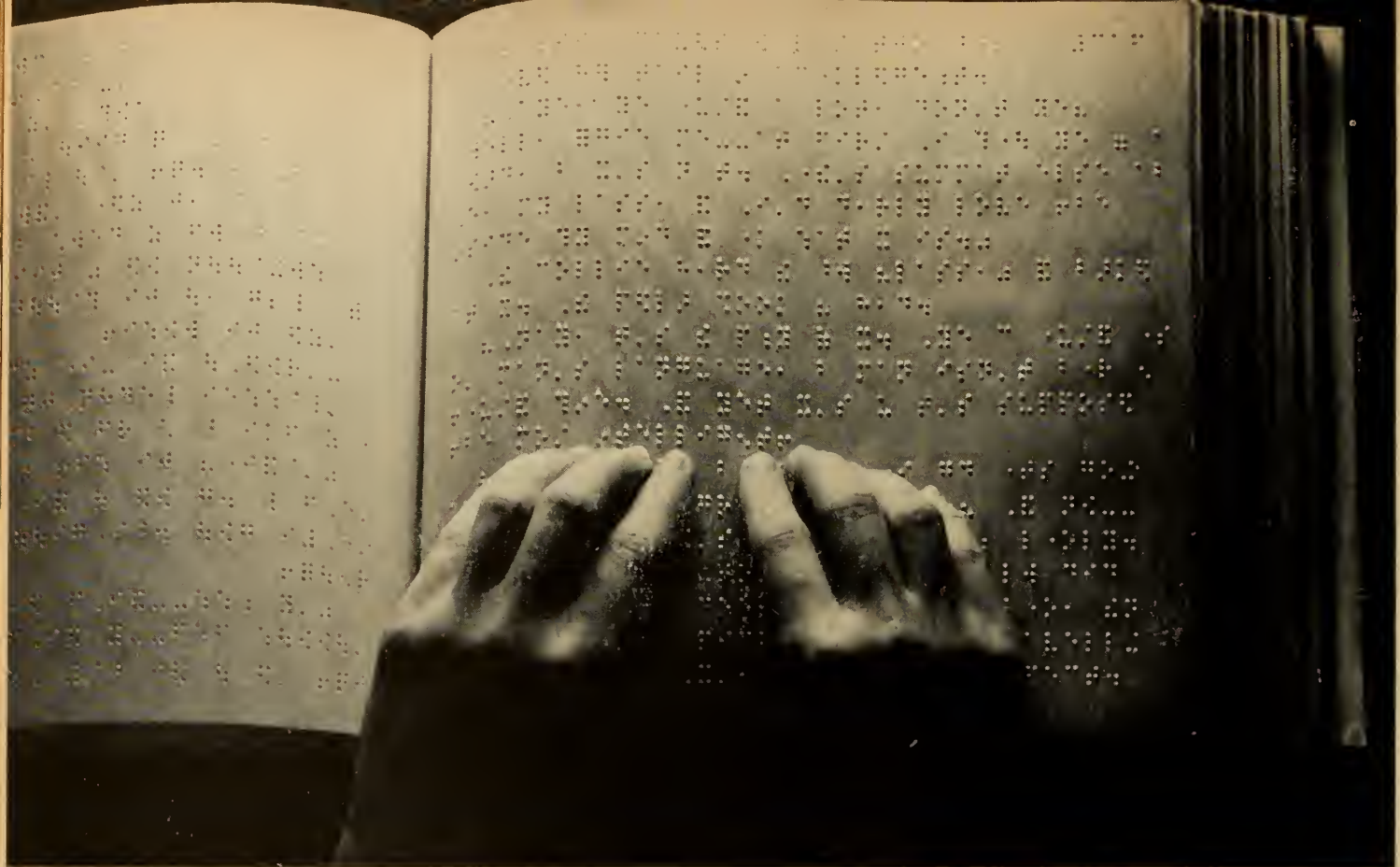
Pussy-Willow 'Fuzzies'



When boys and girls begin to fly kites and snowmen begin to look droopy, then it's time to start watching for pussy willows. And when you've found some of these furry little signs of spring, you can have lots of fun turning the "pussies" into all sorts of fuzzy animals. To begin with, paste one "pussy" on a piece of paper. Use this "pussy" as the body of the animal which you want to make. Then complete your fuzzy animal by drawing on its head and legs. Pussy willows are especially nice for making birds, rabbits, kittens, and lambs, but you can probably think of other pussy-willow "fuzzies" to make, too. As a special surprise for your family, make a set of place cards with a "fuzzy" on each one. Then put one card by each plate on the dinner table. Or how about making a greeting card with little pussy-willow animals on it? You could send one to Grandma and Grandpa to let them know that spring is really on its way!



Thank you, dear God, for furry things like pussy willows and real live kittens. Thank you for other things that are fun to touch, too—like snow and icicles and soft clay and Daddy's whiskers. It was nice of you to make things that feel so good. Amen.



Hobby Alley

I Give My Eyes to the Blind

By JAN SAMUEL

I GUESS you'd call it luck. All I wanted was something interesting to do while my youngest child was in kindergarten. Any one of hundreds of common hobbies might have done the trick.

Then, virtually by accident, I learned about Braille transcription. Looking back, I don't see how I could have found a hobby better suited to me. For Braille has not only filled my free hours with pleasure, it has added a new dimension of service to my life. And that's a hard-to-beat combination!

Braille never entered my mind those first few days Kay was away at kindergarten. For years I had anticipated the time when both children would be in school and I'd have time to enjoy some freedom. But within a week, those two hours a day had become a burden. I was bored. I knew there must be some way I could use that time wisely and enjoyably.

That's when luck—or fate—stepped

in. Shortly after I had heard an inspiring radio program about the life of Louis Braille, I received a phone call from an elderly friend.

"Since my sight has become dim," she told me, "I've loved having you read to me. I've been thinking—you should make an effort to read for the blind. Will you think about it?" I didn't have to; this sounded like a wonderful way to fill those vacant hours.

With the help of a friend who was a social-service worker, I found a welfare agency that provided readers for the blind. I was tentatively accepted—but had to wait two weeks while my references were checked. Also, the agency had to be sure I was sincerely interested. Finally, my clearance came through.

I should have realized the first time I saw Braille that I'd never be satisfied until I could read those puzzling clusters of raised dots. For two months I read once a week to an amazing man

who, though blind himself, was in charge of the city's services to the blind.

The first time we met, in the lobby of a downtown hotel, he invited me to have coffee. Not knowing better, I grabbed his arm and began pushing him toward the coffee shop. He stiffened and backed away.

"We may as well start out right," he explained. "Always offer your arm to a blind person and let him walk *with* you. No one feels safe or at ease when being led. We can follow your movements without any trouble."

I felt ashamed—but this feeling was nothing compared to the one that began to grow after we had worked together several weeks. As fast as I read, he took notes on a mysterious, six-keyed typing machine. He finished page after page of Braille—yet I didn't know enough about those jumbled bumps even to help him arrange the pages in order!

One evening I told my husband how useless I felt.

"Don't let a little thing like that throw you," he said. "Learn to understand Braille."

So I tackled it, never dreaming that within a few months I would be transcribing my first book—a child's story about football.

I started the learning process by enrolling in a weekly class given by the Johanna Bureau for the Blind, a group of volunteer transcribers who work closely with the Chicago Public Library. In the first lesson I saw that Braille wasn't so mysterious, after all—but that mastering it would require much time and concentration.

TODAY'S Standard English Braille is an expanded version of the system introduced in France 130 years ago by Louis Braille. Although at three he lost the sight of both eyes, he learned to read raised Roman letters by touch—and also became an accomplished organist. Some believe that his desire to read music led him to devise his system of raised dots.

Braille's basic unit was a "cell," a space large enough to contain a block of six dots, two across and three high. This allows 63 possible dot combinations within a cell, one for each of the 26 letters in the alphabet, plus punctuation marks and symbols for common letter combinations. The latter are used as contractions, making it possible to write many words without spelling them letter by letter. That's why a blind person using a Braille writer ordinarily is faster than a regular typist.

Six months is about the average learning period for Braille. I cut that a bit—partly because Kay got the measles. Confined at home for two weeks, I used every spare moment for study. Besides, I enjoyed learning.

Finally I passed my test, and joined Johanna as an associate member. I was given a Braille writer, plenty of stiff paper for transcription, and my first assignments. I loved the work.

Barely a month had passed before the group's leader drew me aside at a meeting. "I understand you know music," she said. (I had studied piano 10 years and voice three.) "Well, you have some more studying to do. I'm going to teach you Music Braille."

I had thought Standard Braille was tough—but Music Braille was virtually a new language, with more than 500 strange characters to learn. However, I was determined to succeed, particularly when I learned that only a handful of sighted people had learned it. Those few, by transcribing sheet music into Braille, have made it possible for many blind people to earn a living as teachers or performers.

After weeks of concentrated study,

Name Your Hobby

This month we're catching up on a backlog of requests in two very popular hobby categories—giving genealogy and pen-pal enthusiasts a chance to have a field day! But you other hobbyists needn't worry; your specialties will be listed again soon in other issues.—Eds.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Byrd E. Miles, North Hartland, Vt. (Keniston, Kennison, Kenerson, Durgin, Grown, Miles, Rowland); Mrs. Anna Harris Gorman, 1915 Louisiana Ave., Laredo, Tex. (Harris, Berry, Gordon, Vanatta); Mrs. Webb C. Rizer, R. 2, Goodlettsville, Tenn. (Webb, Rizer, Hoops, Patterson, Rone, Drake); Ruth A. Fiske, 42 Prospect Ave., Danielson, Conn. (Aldrich, Burlingame, Corey, Burgess, Henry, Franklin, Patter, Sparks, Thornton, Wade); Homer Baldwin, 337 Alexander Ave., Greensburg, Pa. (Garwood, Bonnell, Bunnell, Bishop, Gillespie, Maxwell, Baldwin, Whitehead, Meeker, Jenkins); Mrs. Mabel C. Clark, Middle Road, Sodus, N.Y. (Case, Granger); Mrs. Francis E. Fletcher Bush, 435 Riverside Ave., Wellsville, Ohio (Pletcher, Bush, Archer, McCutcheon, Young).

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Anita Williams (16), 101 Crumley, Guyman, Okla.; Angela Shepherdly (15), 10 South Walk, Hayes End, Middlesex, England; Susan Boehm (14), 20 Concord Rd., Oconomowoc, Wis.; Brenda

Freeman (15), Cox 373, Ladysmith, Wis.; Nancy Turner (12), 9 2nd St., Camden, N.Y.; Jane Monty (17), 87 Ellis St., Seckonk, Mass.; Sue (10) and Marjorie (12) Ilitchock, 309 Ridge Rd., Atlantic, Iowa; Helen Lawson (15), 1225 W. Sumner Ave., Indianapolis 27, Ind.; Judy Boughter (16), Box 18, Cornwall, Pa.; Bonnie F. Kohr (12), Box 63, Cornwall, Pa.; Linda Shaver (16), Box 77, Cornwall, Pa.

Debbie Collier (9), Box 84, Chandler, Ariz.; Freddie Schnoke (14), Box 171, Ottawa, Kan.; Mary Nelson (13), 2120 Piedmont Ave., Duluth 11, Minn.; Linda Stephen (12), Box 484, Snoqualmie, Wash.; Patricia Kendrick (8), 45 Cedar Ave., Patchogue, N.Y.; Flo Beasley (14), Box 549, Seymour, Tex.; Miriam Parker (17), R. 2, Box 64, Opelika, Ala.; Linda Mahan (10), RD 2, Russell, Pa.; Rosemary Hart (16), 691 Lougeay Rd., Pittsburgh 35, Pa.; Susie Harris (14), 1349 W. 2nd Ave., Columbus 12, Ohio; Barbara Hibner (16), R. 4, Gettysburg, Pa.; Jim McCloy (16), 301 Woodland Ave., Haddonfield, N.J.

Carol Adams (16), 154 Prospect Ave., West Springfield, Mass.; Anita Irwin (14), R. 1, Box 133, Kellyville, Okla.; Miss Kiwako Maehara (14), 2153-4 Chome Kamimeguro, Meguro-Ku, Tokyo, Japan; Pam Cain (16), R. 1, Box 140, Tolleson, Ariz.; Sharon Sample (17), Box 71, Edgar, Neb.; Rosemary Olds (13), 4485 Zeller Rd., Columbus 14, Ohio; Mark Herner (13), 27 Walnut St., Towanda, Pa.; Betty Newsom (13), R. 8, Box 315, Winston-Salem, N.C.; Kathryn Myers (8), 614 Y. Jackson Ave., Northfield, N.J.; Nancy (12) and Buddy (14) Burgin, RR 1, Kaukauna, Wis.; Audrey Biedermann (18), 929 Cass St., Green Bay, Wis.

Sue Walker (13), 113 W. Main, Richmond, Mo.; Joe Carroll (17), 3078 Carfax Ave., Long Beach 8, Calif.; Gail Thomas (15), 77 Liston Rd., Kenmore 17, N.Y.; Sharon Erwin (16), 434 E. North St., Winchester, Ind.; Jean Simmons (16), 425 Carl St., Winchester, Ind.; Mendl Whitehead (16), Magnolia Rd., Shawmut, Ala.; Cheryl Jordan (15), 3484 Earl Dr., Santa Clara, Calif.; Dolores Baublitt (16), R. 3, Huntsville, Ark.; Sharon Hanson (17), Mabel, Minn.; Colleen McKay (12), Box 338, Mandersca, Wyo.; Carol Enders (14), Box 204, Cameron, Wis.; Betty Burnett (15), 835 Yosemite Pkwy., Merced, Calif.; Alex Bridge (15), 216 Brownsburg Rd., La Chute, Quebec, Canada; Eva Siverson (15), Rhame, N.D.; Diane Woods (15), R. 3, Box 29A, Shelton, Wash.

Janis L. Lively (13), 1212 Hamilton, Pampa, Tex.; Kit (15) and Jim (17) Kristi, 223 W. Fair Ave., Lancaster, Ohio; Phyllis Crees (15), Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Carol M. Fuller (10), Depot Road, RD 1, Harbor Creek, Pa.; Bonney Salcito (15), Millbrook School, Millbrook, N.Y.; Ellen Meyer (14), 3 Lake Forest Hills, Shreveport, La.; Raymond Finefrock (7), 3302 W. College Dr., Phoenix, Ariz.; Cynthia Hull (9), Box 121, Sherwood, Ohio; Linda Anderson (15), 1819 Southern Dr., Virginia, Minn.; Lynn Groves (13), Box 116, Farmington, Calif.

Sharon McKee (11), 340 N. French, Colby, Kan.; Sandra Kauffman (13), 60 South Ave., Bridgeton, N.J.; Sandra Johnson (15), Box 1262, Lake Wales, Fla.; Nancy (13) and Shirley (15) Dalrymple, RR 2, West Liberty, Ohio; Suzanne C. Veazie (15), Havelock, Iowa; Mary Lou Jones (13), Girdletree, Md.; Joan Staver (12), 7235 Shady Lane, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Bonnie Webster (16), R. 9, Box 343, Pasadena, Md.; Mickey Johnson (15), 1026 Mt. Airy Dr. SW, Atlanta 11, Ga.

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Dr. Nall
Answers Questions
About

Your Faith **and** **Your Church**

Will Jesus come again?

This is a good question that should always be accompanied by another, "Is Jesus already here?"

The Scriptures leave a choice. Some promise a return of Jesus in a physical sense, and it is clear that the early Christian church expected that. Paul and others held out this hope, and 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18 is one of several illustrations.

But there is also scriptural support for the idea that Jesus is already here. The Fourth Gospel especially expresses this belief and assures the Church that it has not been disappointed in its expectation.

When do we pray 'amiss'?

When we allow inner tensions and pressures to keep us from tapping the resources of God, as revealed to us through conversation with him. After all, prayer is nothing more or less than such conversation.

Riley's *"Athos"* tells of an old woman who lived at the bottom of a hill and always climbed to the top to attend services in the church there. She had good reason to listen carefully when the preacher spoke on prayer, using the text, "If you say to this mountain, 'Be taken up and cast into the sea,' it will be done." So, she prayed that the mountain up whose steep paths she had to climb would disappear. That would save her aging, stiffening legs.

The next morning, soon after she awoke, she was out in her garden to see what had happened. The mountain was still there, as big as ever. She shook her fist and said,

For example, John clearly indicates that Jesus is to return almost immediately. John 14:18 assures the disciples that the fellowship with them, beginning right away, will be eternal. There is no time when the Elder Brother is absent from the other members of the family of God.

This is not to suggest that the Bible is inconsistent, but there are mysteries that cannot be fathomed, statements that no honest person can harmonize. And each believer must decide for himself whether the second coming of Jesus is primarily physical or spiritual.

"I knew it! I was sure you couldn't, or wouldn't go away."

Whether she should have prayed for the removal of the mountain is one thing—how much better to pray for the strength to climb—but if she prayed, she should have believed that the mountain could and would be taken away.

God has many ways of answering our prayers—"yes," "no," "wait," "ask again when you are ready." (Remember Paul's warning, "If I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.") But no asking, seeking, or knocking can be effective unless we believe God's will can be done. And, without such a conviction we are "praying amiss."

Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of The New Christian Advocate, a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute, and the author of several books, the latest of which is *The Bible When You Need It Most* (Reflection Book, Association Press).

I was ready for my first assignment—transcribing three anthems for a concert by a blind chorus. That meant separate scores for soprano, alto, tenor, bass, and piano accompaniment, with the deadline two weeks off!

I managed to finish it on time, however, and attended the concert. After the program, I complimented the radiant young pianist whose fingers had moved so confidently over the keys. She thanked me graciously, then said softly: "Without your music, we would have been silent." It was the highest reward I could have imagined.

Today, most of my transcription is of music, though occasionally I do text work. Recently I've begun a related activity—speaking before church, civic, and fraternal groups to stimulate interest in the blind and in Braille transcription.

Now and then, though certainly not as often as I would like, people ask me how they can learn Braille. In large cities such as New York or Chicago, finding a group that teaches sighted people usually is easy. Unfortunately, that's not the case in most smaller or rural communities, where even finding a place to get information may be hard. Public libraries and local councils of social-service agencies usually can help.

For those unable to get information locally, or who cannot join a local training group, the Library of Congress has a Braille correspondence course. Information may be obtained by writing directly to: Division for the Blind, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C.

My hobby is not one that can be taken lightly. It demands self-discipline and a strong sense of responsibility. But the personal satisfaction it gives is more than enough return for the time it requires.

Every few days I get letters from blind friends all over the country. Sometimes they need something transcribed, but just as often they write only to share their hopes, dreams, and discouragements. Occasionally, too, I get unexpected gifts: handmade gloves which my neighbors envy more than they would a mink stole; crocheted purses in fascinating colors; handmade dolls for my daughter; a woven mat which now is our dining-table centerpiece. They're appreciated all the more because I expect no payment.

Just the other day I made my latest entry in the notebook I've kept since I began studying Braille. I found that in seven years I've done 6,629 pages of transcription. And I wouldn't take a million dollars for the satisfaction I've enjoyed. What more can you ask of any hobby?



Guess who lost! Flanking Bill Favreau are, from left, Jean Hughes, Marian and Bob Zimmerman, Doug Estes, Bill Hedges.

Time Out for Table Tennis

YOUNG, with young members and young ideas—that's Asbury Methodist Church in Prairie Village, Kans., a booming Kansas City suburb. Barely six years old, this congregation of over 1,000 is made up largely of younger couples with growing children. And because the young like action, Asbury's activities program is designed to keep that action within the family and the church.

One big project for Gil Phillips, an airline pilot who serves as athletic director, is setting up an annual table-tennis tournament. In the last tournament, 122 players were cheered by their families during three Sunday-afternoon play-offs in the church's education unit. Not everyone could win—but all had a wonderful time!



Concentration—and this left-handed smash—won fourth-place honors for Paula Morgan, 12, in the tourney's junior girls' division.



Dave Mourning, 12, braces for the bounce. He battled his way into the junior boys' finals before losing to the champ.

The tattoo of paddle against ball marked time for a dozen shuffling feet during play-offs here in Asbury's education unit.





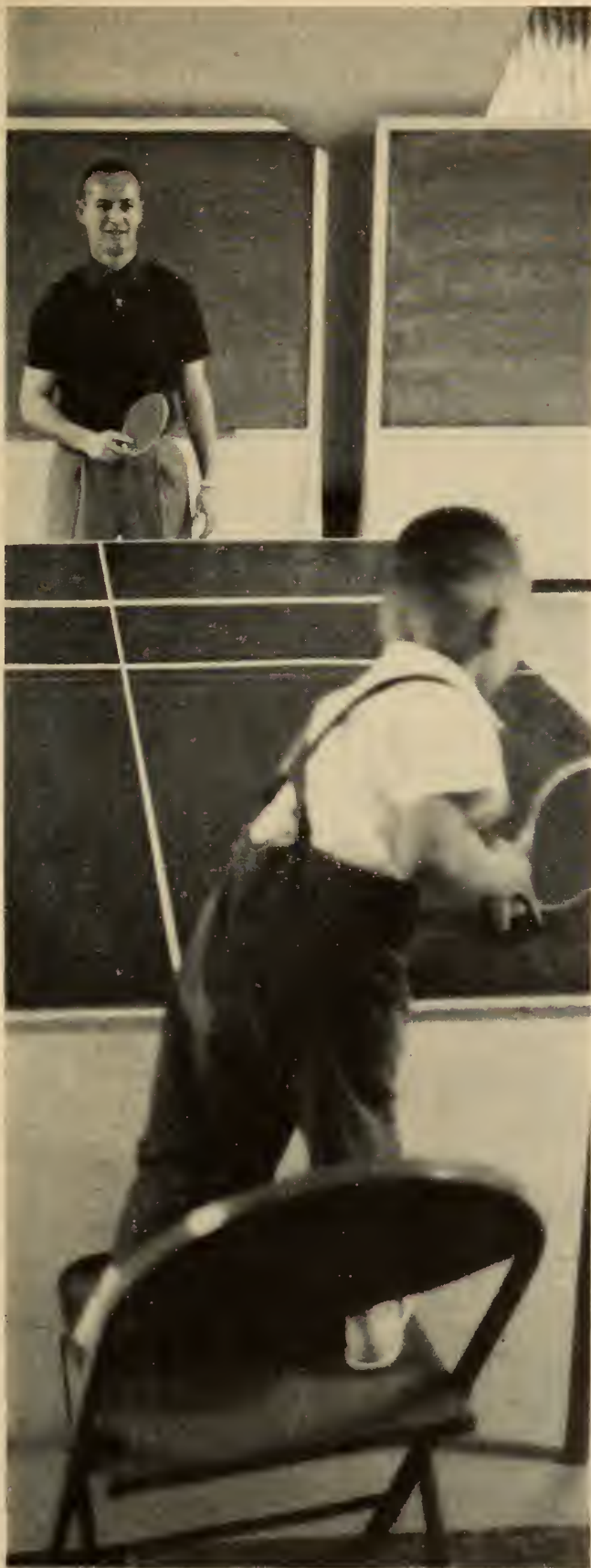
Phyllis Malone couldn't suppress a joyous shout when she ended a brisk volley with this booming backhand shot. She and her husband, Charles, here racing to cover the other side of the table, teamed up to win in the family doubles division.



Busy Tom Leathers enjoys coffee while keeping an eye on play as one of 13 tableside officials (12 judges, one ball washer). He and his wife, Judy, were runners-up to the Malones in doubles.

The nerve center: In this noisy corner, Margaret Phillips, wife of the tourney director, has posted latest scores. With her are David and Harvey, her sons, and Jim Harbrecht, left foreground. Harvey, the oldest, was intermediate boys' champ.





Normally eye-high to the table, young Jon Malone needs a chair to get in some practice licks with his dad, a tournament winner (see photo at right). It won't be long before Jon can play in junior boys' matches—without the chair. With two champions to teach him, he's bound to be tough!

It's a proud moment for men's singles king Phil Isenberg as daughters Ann and Mary Ellen pin on his blue ribbon. He brought a favorite paddle from home, although others were furnished for tournament play. The four top players in each of the nine competitive divisions won ribbon awards.



Conquering heroes—at least to their children—were the Malones, who won the lone trophy by their skill with paddles. Now it looks as if young Marty, center, might be thinking about swapping that cowboy hat for a table-tennis paddle.





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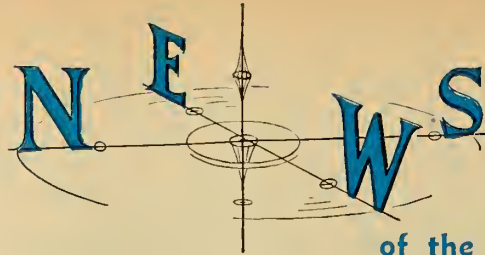
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TEACH BELIEF IN GOD, COUNCIL URGES SCHOOLS

The National Council of Churches has released a new study document condemning what it describes as the noncommittal attitude of public schools on the existence of God. The schools should teach positive belief in God, it contends, but maintain neutrality on sectarian concepts of him.

The unofficial, 47-page report, *Christians and Public Schools*, is being distributed to the 33 NCC constituent churches, including the Methodist, for study and criticism. It was drawn up "to resist any possible trend toward a nonreligious view of life and . . . to resist any attempt to dominate public schools with a sectarian view of life."

Schools can advance a religious view, it says, by holding that "God is the creator and sustainer of human life and of all its precious values," by teaching ethical and moral principles, and by using silent and common prayer and Bible reading in classrooms. But they must avoid disrespect for the personal and civil rights of "the occasional child" who professes atheism, the statement adds. Neutrality on God's existence, however, is actually "practical support for the view that God does not count," the document declares.

It approves the release of public-school pupils for religious instruction, holy days, and religious conferences and retreats. It opposes the use of tax

money for parochial-school expenditures, including bus transportation and textbooks, but endorses the use of such money for lunches and health services.

Make Medical History

Methodist Deaconess Hospital surgeons in Boston have brought mankind closer to a new era in medicine by successfully transplanting a parathyroid gland from an embryo in a 58-year-old woman. The gland, normally the size of a grain of rice, produces calcium. Its failure to function causes violent muscular spasms which can be fatal. At present the deficiency must be made up by giving the afflicted person calcium in powdered form.

The operation marked the second time that a human organ of any size has lived and functioned in a person not an identical twin of the donor. Medical sources said it could lead to solving the problems of transplanting other human organs.

Coming: Major Church Report

Methodist leaders studying problems connected with the church's jurisdictional system will meet April 1-2 in Louisville, Ky., and September 24-25 in New York to review their findings prior to submission of a major report to the church in January, 1960. They



Bishop Glenn R. Phillips, Denver, Colo., tries out giant earth-mover used in construction of Frasier Meadows Manor, retired people's home in Boulder, Colo.

are seeking answers to such questions as: Should the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction be abolished? Should church law be changed to make it easier for Central churches to transfer to white jurisdictions?

Part of the study group's assignment from the General Conference is to "develop courses of action directed toward greater interracial brotherhood and the spirit of Christian love."

Forty-five local churches are in process of transferring from Central to other jurisdictions. They are mainly in Chicago, Detroit, and New York.

Hits Super 'Power Elites'

Calm acceptance of plans for war drew sharp fire from Dr. C. Wright Mills, Columbia University sociologist, at the 50th anniversary assembly of the National Council of Churches Division of Home Missions in New York. He is the author of *The Power Elite* (Oxford, \$6) and *Causes of World War III* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50).

"Elites and spokesmen of each super power, in particular those of the U.S., are possessed by the military metaphysics according to which world reality is defined in military terms," he said.

He pictured a U.S. motivated by advertising jingles and peopled by "cheerful robots" at the bottom of an "overdeveloped society." The top level of this society consists, he claimed, of "an irresponsible elite of power," and the middle level a "semi-organized stalemate in a political vacuum."

Theologian Dr. Roger L. Shinn of Vanderbilt University divinity school, Nashville, criticized the advertising methods used to "sell religion" and said the "God of the jukebox, of the hidden and unhidden persuaders . . . is not the God of our fathers."


Dr. W. Vernon Middleton, Methodist missions general secretary, said the church must capture the mind and soul of the U.S. and help change the economic situation that produces poverty and social dislocation.

Back Good Movies: Bishop

The best contribution Protestants can make toward better relations with the motion-picture industry is positive thinking, according to Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles.

The bishop, chairman of the West Coast Committee of the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches, says, "I believe with all my heart that if our church will take the positive way of supporting good films, we can exercise an influence far superior to the Legion of Decency. Instead of making it a censorship deal like the Catholics have, we are trying to show appreciation for good films."

Bishop Kennedy praises a new Holly-



METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellany of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters
for People Called Methodist

*The sleeping fox catches
no poultry. Up! Up!—B. Franklin*

MARCH hath XXXI days

3rd Month

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselfe.—Chaucer

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1 S | Yellowstone Park established, 1872 |
| 2 M | John Wesley dies, 1791, at 88; last words:
<i>The best of all is, God is with us</i> |
| 3 Tu | Lillian Gish in "Birth of a Nation," 1915 |
| 4 W | N.Y. Daily Graphic, 1st illus. daily, starts
publication, 1873. 5¢ a copy |
| 5 Th | "Father of Western Methodism," Bishop
McKendree, d. at 78, in 1835 |
| 6 Fr | Noted typographer F. Goudy b., 1865 |
| 7 Sa | John Wesley presents General Rules of
Methodism, 1743. Still in "Discipline" |
| 8 S | Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes b., 1841 |
| 9 M | Bishop Quayle wills Bible collection
to Baker U., Baldwin City, Kans. |
| 10 Tu | <i>True pride is also humble</i> |
| 11 W | Johnny Appleseed (John Chapman)
d., 1847 |
| 12 Th | Clement Studebaker, carriage maker, b., 1831 |
| 13 Fr | Announce Pluto discovered, 1930 |
| 14 Sa | U.S. imports camels (1856) to carry freight
in southwest (Idea soon dropped) |
| 15 S | Passion Sunday |
| 16 M | Meth. Information staffers meet, Nashville |
| 17 Tu | John Summerfield, brilliant Eng. Methodist
minister, preaches on Capitol steps, 1822 |
| 18 W | Amerigo Vespucci b., 1451
America named after him |
| 19 Th | John Fitch gets N.Y. steamboat patent, 1787 |
| 20 Fr | "Uncle Tom's Cabin" published 1852 |
| 21 Sa | Benito Juarez, Mexican liberator, b., 1806 |
| 22 S | Valin Sunday—World Service Day |
| 23 M | <i>Good counsel hath no price</i> |
| 24 Tu | Blind hymn writer Fannie Crosby,
a Methodist, b. 1820, wrote 5,000 songs |
| 25 W | Get going on your income tax! |
| 26 Th | Dr. Jonas Salk's polio vaccine, 1953 |
| 27 Fr | Good Friday |
| 28 Sa | <i>Believe half the ill & twice the good</i> |
| 29 S | <i>He is risen!</i> |
| 30 M | Russia agrees to sell Alaska, 1867 |
| 31 Tu | Bishop Asbury d., 1816 at 71 |



Bishop
McKendree

■ Served in Revolution & was at Yorktown. Rode with Bishop Asbury, or alone, over every part of frontier. Gave 480 acres to Lebanon Seminary, Lebanon, Ill., founded 1828, now known as McKendree College. It is oldest college continuously under Methodist control.



Bishop
Quayle

■ Quayle collection is second only to that in Lib. of Congress. 1 cuneiform piece was made in Abraham's time. Hebrew roll on 37 skins has Books of Law. Also includes rare copy of Vulgate Bible.

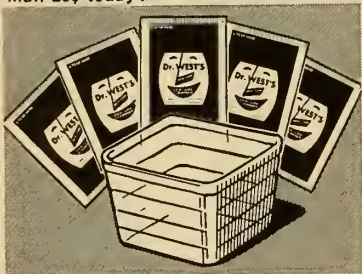
■ Harvard grad supplied frontier with apple trees (at a profit). Set up vast nursery chain, was well established when settlers came. Gave many trees to poor, lived simply, went barefoot. Was much loved by farmers, to whom he read Bible.

■ Tom was modeled on slave Josiah Henson, who in Canada became a Methodist preacher.

☞ Died Mar. 4, 1869, James Harper, one of four devout and famous publisher brothers, grandsons of early follower of Wesley. James, John founded J. & J. Harper, later took in younger brothers. They had remarkable harmony, with ne'er an account kept among them. James also became N.Y. mayor.

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wood release, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*.

"It is one of the finest religious and missionary films Hollywood has ever produced," he says. "I think every Methodist ought to see this picture. It is an unforgettable experience to see this story of a missionary doctor in China."

The film is based on a book by Alan Burgess, produced by Buddy Adler, directed by Mark Robson, and distributed by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Past 100—and Still Active!

Methodism has its share of centenarians, a recent survey shows. Typical is Sylvester Melvin, 107, of Greenfield, Ill., who at last report was still working for an insurance firm. Last fall, neighbors say, he even plowed his garden himself.

Another Greenfield centenarian, Mrs. Meddie Piper, 101, is one of the few living Methodists baptized by Peter Cartwright. [See *The Lord's Breaking Plow*, November, 1958, page 25.]

Mrs. Mary Gribble of Dodgeville, Wis., at 100, still attends church regularly.

[For other oldsters, see February, 1959, page 29; July, 1958, page 17; January, 1958, page 4; April, 1957, page 15.]

TOGETHER will publish names of additional Methodists 100 or older, as they are received from readers.

Urges Weekly Home Visits

One of the greatest evangelistic needs is for a group of members from each Methodist church to visit homes in the community weekly, Dr. Harry Denman, Board of Evangelism general secretary, has told a conference considering ways to bring more people into the church.

Bishop W. Angie Smith, Board president, declared better record keeping also would help. He urged churches to review membership gains and losses monthly.

Methodist Encyclopedia . . .

Work on a Methodist Encyclopedia, first since 1876, has started under joint sponsorship of the World Methodist

INDEX

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Council and the Association of Methodist Historical Societies.

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of both bodies, said that the work will be done at Lake Junaluska, N.C., headquarters of the Council. It will entail two volumes of some 1,000 pages each, and will cover world Methodism in four sections: theological, biographical, geographical, and general. There is to be an editor in each country where Methodism is represented.

At the association's executive meeting, Leland Case, editor of *TOGETHER*, told of plans for a guidebook of all Methodist historical landmarks in the U.S.

Study 4th 'R': Religion

Singapore school children now are receiving compulsory training in religion or ethics as a deterrent to delinquency and Communism. The program was started by the Ministry of Education, headed by Methodist Chew Swee Chee.

Parents choose the religion their children are to be taught. Teachers are nominated by religious bodies for approval by school authorities. Parents opposed to training in any religion are required to enroll their children in an ethics course.

Of the nearly 100,000 pupils involved, 29,000 are in ethics; 14,000, Islam; 6,000, Hinduism; 4,600, Protestantism; 4,000, Catholicism, most of the rest, Buddhism.

Expand Parks Ministry

The National Council of Churches has added four areas to its national-parks ministry: Shadow Mountain recreation area, Colorado; Shenandoah National Park, Virginia; Doughton Park area of the Blue Ridge Parkway, North Carolina, and Badlands National Monument, South Dakota. These bring to 30 the areas where the NCC conducts religious activities for tourists and park personnel.

This summer 142 seminary and college students will work in the program. [Watch for the eight-page color pictorial on worship in national parks, in the May issue of *TOGETHER*.]

Church in U.S. Park?

Inclusion of historic St. George's Methodist Church in Philadelphia as part of Independence National Historical Park is to be asked of Congress.

A resolution seeking the necessary legislation has been adopted by the Association of Methodist Historical Societies and given to members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress.

St. George's Church, believed to be the world's oldest Methodist building in continuous use, was dedicated by the Methodist Society of Philadelphia in 1769, 15 years before The Methodist

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Church was formally organized in America. It was here that Francis Asbury preached his first sermon in America.

[TOGETHER is preparing an eight-page color pictorial which will take you on a visit to St. George's and other historic Methodist churches.]

Drunks Get Unusual Sentence

Drunks arrested on the streets of Atlanta, Ga., usually draw a fine of \$30 or 30 days. However, offenders appearing before Municipal Court Judge James Webb are given a third alternative—to join the Helping Hand Society.

Judge Webb, 31, has presided over Atlanta's police court since he was 23. He started the society in 1957 to help rehabilitate alcoholics.

Members now number 250, meet three times a week at Wesley Memorial Methodist Church, where the judge is an active layman and the pastor, the Rev. Allen Phillips, is a firm supporter of the society. Films, speakers, and give-and-take discussions are used to help the alcoholics.

"Where the churches take increased interest in this problem," says Judge Webb, "our [the courts'] problems decrease."

Church Centennial in Japan

To mark the 100th anniversary of Protestantism in Japan, both Billy Graham and Methodist evangelist E. Stanley Jones are conducting evangelistic crusades there this spring. The emphasis on evangelism will continue throughout 1959, leaders say. Only one half of 1 per cent of Japan's population is Christian.

This year also is the 75th anniversary of Christianity in Korea. About 6 per cent of South Koreans are Christians.

Bishop Oxnam to Resume Job

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, 67, of Washington, D.C., plans to be back on his full work schedule in a few weeks. He is recuperating from injuries suffered December 24 when his coat caught in a taxi door and he was dragged 10 feet along a New York City street. He received a broken arm and head cuts.

The bishop spent five days in a hospital before returning to Washington.

No Work After 40?

Is a person past 40 too old to get a good job?

Alarmed that some employers seem to think so, the Massachusetts Council of Churches is studying what churches can do to encourage hiring on the basis of ability rather than age.

Dr. Gardiner M. Day, chairman of the Resolutions Committee, cited a

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recent poll in which 42.3 per cent of employers said they would refuse to hire anyone over 50 and nearly 63 per cent said they would not employ anyone over 55. "Yet," Dr. Day charged, "these same companies consider such people already in their employ as being in their most productive years."

Bishop Branscomb Dies

Bishop John W. Branscomb, 53, died January 15 in Orlando, Fla., following a heart attack suffered January 6. He served the Jacksonville, Fla., Area, including most of Florida and Cuba.

A native of Alabama, the bishop was educated at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.; Florida Southern College, Lakeland, and Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. He served six pastorates in Florida before his election as bishop in 1952.

Urges Paint-Up Week

A South Dakota minister, the Rev. Henry Ratliff, would use the zeal of evangelism to paint and polish Methodist churches.

The Hartford pastor is advocating a "Paint, Scrub, Grass, Shrub Week" the second week in June each year to refurbish "dilapidated" churches, parsonages, and churchyards.

"An unkempt church is silent testimony of an unkempt faith," he says.

Church Segregation Criticized

Racial integration in churches at home and abroad was urged by foreign missions leaders of 44 denominations at the National Council of Churches' annual meeting on missions in Pittsburgh.

Discrimination at home tends to invalidate Christian witness abroad, the assembly asserted. Among offenders are churches, delegates said.

Prayer Is 'Tops' in Poll

"How Can I Make Prayer More Effective?" has been tagged as first choice among some 7,000 persons in a sermon poll in *This Week* magazine.

In an article, *Pick the Sermon You'd Like to Hear*, 13 titles were listed. Responses are being tabulated and sent to church headquarters.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Wilkins, Jurist, Dies

J. Ernest Wilkins, 64, Methodism's highest-ranking layman, died January 19 in his home in Washington, D.C. He was president of the church's Judicial Council.

The Chicago attorney, once assistant secretary of labor, was a member of the government's Civil Rights Commission. [See *Unusual Methodists*, October, 1957, page 25.]

NEWS DIGEST . . .

WILL BUILD ANYWAY. The controversial \$3-million Air Force Academy chapel at Colorado Springs, Colo., is to be built this year. Its modernistic design has been the subject of disputes which reached the floor of Congress.

CANCELS LIQUOR ADS. Station WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis., which violated the radio industry's voluntary code by accepting liquor advertising, reversed its decision after receiving few advertisements—but many protests.

ASKS FEDERAL AID. The U.S. government should apprehend and punish bombers of churches and synagogues, says Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State. If it does not, it becomes a party to discrimination, the group holds.

MORE BOLIVIAN MEMBERS. Methodist Sunday-school membership is up 52 per cent in Bolivia, it has been announced. Church membership has increased 15 per cent. [See the color pictorial, *Bolivia—A Land of Decision*, February, page 35.]

RESETTLE 'OLD BELIEVERS.' After years of negotiation, more than 500 Old Believers, a Russian Orthodox agriculturist group, are living on 6,000 acres in Parana, Brazil. They were settled by the World Council of Churches, which gave each family a pig, a cow, and hens.

KOREAN METHODISM GROWS. In the last four years, a new Methodist church has been organized every 10 days in Korea, making the total 847.

MARKS GOLDEN JUBILEE. Mary Johnston Hospital, oldest built by Protestants in the Philippines, marked 50 years with ceremonies in Manila. It was built through gifts of D. S. B. Johnston, Methodist layman of Minneapolis.

OUTLAW CABARETS. Dr. Asuncion A. Perez, president of Philippine Wesleyan College, has helped ban cabarets and dance halls in the city of Cabanatuan. Civic and religious leaders are joining to fight juvenile delinquency.

Shopping Together

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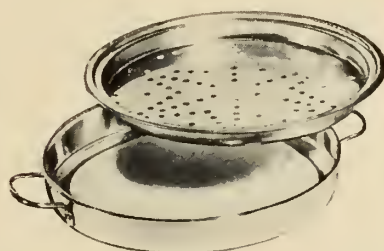
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Kitchen Labels—Gifts of kitchen goodies taste even better if friends know they're your superb cookery. Your name is on gummed labels. At this low price, use 'em on jars, boxes, bags, potluck dishes. Makes a gift of a favorite recipe—just paste one on the recipe card. 1½" long. Stove or bowl. 500 labels for \$2.

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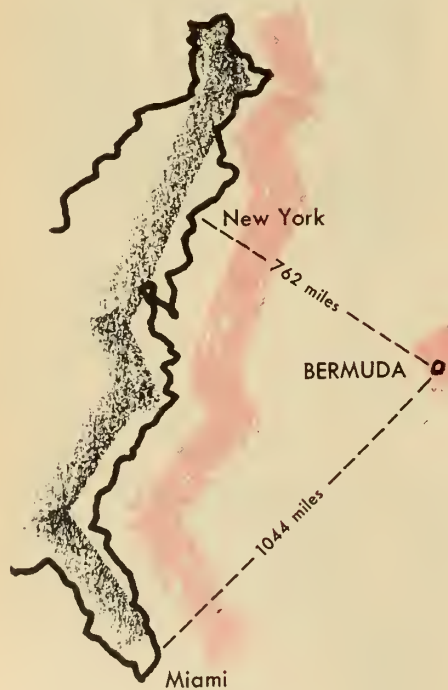
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Bermuda, Land of Lilies



Old Fort Catherine, built by the English in 1619, dominates one of Bermuda's beaches. The coral sand is pink-white, the water dazzlingly clear.



*A dot in the vast sea,
Bermuda was discovered by the
Spanish in 1515.*

WARMED by the sun and fanned by moist sea breezes, Bermuda is a perpetual greenhouse in an area of the mid-Atlantic where one would expect only cold, barren rocks. These, the world's northernmost coral islands, are alive with rich greens and the vari-colored blossoms of oleander, poinsettia, morning glory, and hibiscus.

In March and April, when the white trumpets of millions of lilies open in endless profusion, Bermuda is at her loveliest. It is as if the bright flowers time their arrival with the Christian observance of the Resurrection.

For years, Bermuda has exported countless lily bulbs and flowers to glorify the risen Christ before church altars and chancels on Easter morning. For the lily has long symbolized immortality—no variety more strikingly than the stately Bermuda lily.

To many, it appears significant that lilies bloom in Bermuda today because a man of God passed there more than a century ago. The missionary, his name long forgotten, fought his way ashore from his storm-crippled ship and was cared for by the rector of a church. In gratitude for this hospitality, the missionary left a handful of lily bulbs he had brought with him from Japan.

The gift bulbs were planted in the rectory garden—and on Easter morning, April 16, 1854, were in glorious full bloom. Ever since, these

plants have been known as Easter lilies, although other species also bear that same name now.

Probably no place on earth is better suited for the growth of this symbolic white flower. Bermuda, a picturesque crown colony of the British Empire, is favored by the warm Gulf Stream as it flows across the cold Atlantic. In a climate of sunshine mixed with frequent rain, the lily has become a principal industry of the island.

It was not until after the Civil War that Bermuda lilies began making their way to the States. They started as gifts from onion shippers who sometimes sent a few lily bulbs with each bag. Then, in 1876, a plant displayed at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia attracted such wide attention that orders for bulbs flooded in by the thousands. Once a virulent disease virtually wiped out the plants, but a horticulturist fortunately succeeded in producing an immune strain in time to save them from extinction.

Today, beautiful Bermuda offers lilies in several varieties. Whether Easter is early or late, in March or April, their beauteous blooms are in full flower to trumpet once more the glad news of the Resurrection.

*Like so many chalices
of light, the lilies of
Bermuda herald the coming of
another Easter. Thousands
of them are U.S.-bound.*





Oleander trees lend graceful beauty to streets in Hamilton, Bermuda's picturesque capital city.

Bermuda ... Rich in Methodist Tradition



A THRIVING church and a grating from a jail-cell window recall Bermuda's first Methodists. When George Whitefield, an early associate of the Wesleys, arrived in 1745, churches were closed against him. Typically, he preached in the fields. Today, Central Methodist Church stands where he held open-air services. And when the Rev. John Stephenson arrived in 1799, he was imprisoned for preaching to slaves—but continued to preach through the cell window. The grating has been preserved as a monument.

A plaque tells the story of the grating through which the jailed Stephenson preached.



A Methodist church stands where Whitefield spoke in 1748.





a little girl's World

All blue skies, all serene days . . . and always within easy reach, everything to make her happy. Little girls expect it to be so. And, if Daddy had *his* way, it *would* be like this, always. But even the most ideal childhood—planned so carefully by the best of parents—cannot last forever.

The most we can hope to do is help the youngsters grow up strong . . . willing to assume responsibility . . . able to carry burdens with grace and dignity . . . finding meaning in their own particular lives.

But while they are still children there *is* this that we can do. We can show them how much we depend on weekly worship, by taking them with us to our church regularly.

Find the Strength for your Life

Worship together this Week



Contributed to the Religion in American Life Program by TOGETHER.

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